

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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IN HARVEST DAY.

THRO' Farmer Gale's wide fields I passed
 Just yestereve;
 My week of holiday was spent,
 And idly on the stile I leant,
 Taking my leave

Of all the fair and smiling plain,
 Wood, vale, and hill,
 And all the homely household band
 (The warm grasp of each kindly hand
 Bides with me still);

And I was sad. The stricken grain
 Around me lay;
 I could but think of silent glade —
 Of buds and blossoms lowly laid
 That harvest day.

"And this is all!" I sadly said,
 "These withered leaves —
 This gathered grain! Spring's hours of bliss
 And summer's glory turn to this —
 Some yellow sheaves!"

Then Farmer Gale — that good old man,
 So simply wise —
 Who overheard, and quickly turned,
 Said, while a spark of anger burned
 In his grey eyes,

"Lad, thou art town-bred, knowing nought
 Whereof thou pratest!
 For, be the flower as fair as May,
 The fruit it yields in harvest day
 Is still the greatest!"

"And thou — *thy* spring shall quickly pass;
 Fast fall the leaves
 From life's frail tree. In harvest day
 See that before thy Lord thou lay
 Some yellow sheaves."

He went his way; I mine; and now
 I hear the flow
 Of busy life in crowded street —
 Of eager voices, hurrying feet,
 That come and go.

Yet e'en while flashing factory looms
 My hands engage,
 I see that far-off upland plain —
 Its long, long rows of gathered grain,
 Its rustic sage,

And hear them say, "Let pleasures fair,
 And passions vain,
 And youthful follies fade and die;
 But all good deeds, pure thoughts and high,
 Like golden grain,

"Be gathered still." Blest harvest store,
 That only grows
 In hearts besprinkled with the blood
 That evermore — a sacred flood —
 From Calvary flows!

Lord, when thou callest, when this world
 My spirit leaves,
 Then to thy feet, oh, let me come,
 Bringing, in joyful harvest-home,
 Some yellow sheaves!
 Sunday Magazine. ROBINA F. HARDY.

"AUS ALTEN MARCHEN WINKT ES."

FROM the realm of old-world story
 There beckons a lily hand,
 That calls up the sweetness, the glory,
 The sounds of a magic land.

Where huge flowers droop in the splendor
 Of closing day's golden red,
 And gaze on each other with tender
 Looks as of lovers new wed;

Where all the trees, too, have voices,
 And all like a chorus sing,
 And a sound as of music rejoices
 In the babble of every spring;

On the air songs of true love are swelling,
 Such as never elsewhere thou hast heard,
 Till by yearnings divine beyond telling
 Thy soul is divinely stirr'd.

Oh me, if I might go thither,
 And gladden my careworn breast,
 Shake off all the sorrows that wither,
 Be happy and truly at rest!

Ah, many a time in my dreaming
 Through that blessed region I roam!
 Then the morning sun comes with its beaming,
 And scatters it all like foam.

HEINE.

THE UNBURIED CHURCH, PENMAEN.

OF thy unwritten records, fairie Gower,
 O'er-mounded sepulchre or cromlech grey,
 Giddy hill-fortress perch'd above the spray
 That beats thy cliffs with unrelenting power,
 Or cavern never reach'd by sun or shower, —
 One relic, open'd to the eye of day
 Out of the wind-swept sand-drift, brings a
 ray
 Of light to gild thy long bedarken'd hour.
 Lo, the unburied church on Penmaen downs!
 Token of prayer and praise and minist'ring
 hands,
 Of penitence and shrift for lawless bands.
 One roof the cross, 'mid the wild dwellings,
 crowns,
 The vesper bell rings softly o'er the sands,
 Nor all unblest the realm where Penard frowns.
 October 2nd, 1878. HERBERT NEW.

Spectator.

From The London Quarterly Review.
THE BROTHERS CHAMBERS.*

THERE is a kind of cant lightly passed from lip to lip that publishers are the natural enemies of authors, feed on their brains, push modest merit into the background, and grudgingly reward popularity. The accusation, except in rare instances, is as unjust as it is untrue. In all professions there are discreditable members—literature itself being by no means an exception. But at no time have publishers been wanting as the generous and forbearing friends of authors. Indeed all who mix with literary men and women can cite instances of help given freely in sore need, of claims foregone, of difficulties smoothed, and paths opened by those who, making large outlays of capital and taking all the risk, are fairly entitled to a handsome share of the profits of literature. Moreover, from the days of Dodsley to our own, publishers have existed who have been both discriminating judges of the writings of others and themselves writers of no small distinction. Few careers offer wider opportunities of usefulness; and of those men who have combined book-writing with book-selling few perhaps have used these opportunities better than the late Robert, and the happily still surviving William, Chambers.

The birthplace of the brothers Chambers was that old-world town on the banks of the Tweed whose tranquillity suggested the proverb, "As quiet as the grave or as Peebles:" at the beginning of this century occupied by a prosperous, primitive, homely community of weavers, who burnt peat, ate from wooden platters with horn spoons, wore the stuffs they wove, and by way of dissipation invited each other to tea and proverbs—"a class of sayings" writes Robert Chambers, "which from their agreeable tartness found scope for exercise in ordinary transactions, and were more especially useful in snubbing children and keeping them in remembrance of their duty." Peebles was a paradise of handloom workers, where the opera-

tives could easily earn two pounds a week, a sum which at that time and place represented much more comfort and importance than it would now. And a prominent man in the little community was James Chambers, sprung directly from generations of substantial woollen manufacturers, but looking back with pride through this prosaic vista to "William de la Chaumbre, Bailif é Burgois de Peebles, in the list of those who signed bonds of allegiance to Edward the First at Berwick-on-Tweed, in 1296."

James Chambers is described by his sons as neatly made and rather short, with a handsome face, a kindly, cheerful temper, and a taste for astronomy and the German flute. He occupied "a small mansion fronting Eddleston Water;" with a pretty sitting-room, carpeted, containing an alabaster clock and alabaster-framed pictures, rarities in those days, and also the Scottish indispensable—"a concealed bed;" with looms on the ground floor, and warp and weft in the garrets, where also was ignominiously stowed away a spinet which the music-loving head of the family had rashly sent in a carrier's cart from Glasgow, forgetful of the fact that there was no place for it to stand in.

Weaver James, seated at the open window of his little parlor on calm summer gloamings, "would play an endless series of Scottish airs which might be heard along the Eddleston Water," writes his son Robert. "Then, as the clear silvery moon and planets arose to illumine the growing darkness, out would be brought his telescope, which being planted on my mother's tea-table there ensued a critical inspection of the firmament and its starry host."

The mother's name opens another chapter of curious reminiscences of Scotland in days now historical. About two miles from Peebles was a farm called Newby, seven miles in length, though its homestead consisted only of a cottage and out-houses. Its occupants, towards the end of the last century, were a middle-aged farmer named Gibson, and his wife, a handsome girl of eighteen, who, small as their dwelling was, every night afforded shelter to troops of vagrants, sometimes as many as

* *Memoir of Robert Chambers, with Autobiographical Reminiscences of William Chambers, LL.D.* Ninth Edition. London and Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers. 1877.

twenty at a time. Those of the best character were entertained in "the farmer's ha'," where the family and servants usually sat, repaying their hosts by scraps of country-side gossip gathered in their peregrinations, which there was at that time no other means of hearing. The eldest daughter of the house in after years married James Chambers.

My grandmother and her maids [writes Robert Chambers] were generally up at an early hour to attend to the ewes, and their time for going to rest must consequently have been an early one. There was always, however, a period called "between gloaming and supper time," during which the wheels were brought out for spinning the yarn which was to clothe the family. I often think that it must have been a pleasing sight in that humble hall—the handsome young mistress amidst her troop of maidens, all busy with foot and finger, while the shepherds and their master, and one or two favored gaberlunzies, would be telling stories or cracking jokes for the general entertainment, or some one with a good voice would be singing the songs of Ramsay and Hamilton (p. 38).

Robert's earliest recollection of his mother is that of "a young woman of elegant shape and delicate features, . . . a being of ladylike grace and scarcely in her twenty-fourth year, though already the mother of four children. . . . Punctiliously tasteful in dress, and beautiful in feature, but with an expression of blended pensiveness and cheerfulness indicative of the position into which she had been brought. Even as a child I could see she had sorrows—perhaps regrets." The sorrows chiefly sprang from the temperament of her husband, whose genial disposition, tastes, and accomplishments exposed him to all the temptations attending social success, and who preferred cultivating his musical talent or studying astronomy with his celebrated friend, Mungo Park, then settled in Peebles as a surgeon, to superintending the hundred looms at one time in his employment. "Too slight a regard for personal responsibilities," as his son William gently puts it, threw the burden of them on the shoulders of his delicate wife, who, besides bringing up a large family, had to confront, and, where possi-

ble, conquer, the difficulties evaded by her husband. Two of their numerous children were born with six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot.* This peculiarity was said by the gossips to pre-
 sage good luck—and good fortune certainly rewarded both Robert and William in after life, though we are inclined to attribute it rather to perseverance, talent, and energy than to their superfluous members.

The two boys were at an early age intelligent, observant, and impressionable. They learnt a love of natural beauty from the place in which they lived, and the people among whom they moved gave them a sense of humor. What can suggest a prettier picture than the following passage from the recollections woven into William Chambers's life of his brother?—

The going forth of the town cows to their pasturage on a neighboring hill and their return, constituted leading and interesting events of the day. Early in the summer mornings the inhabitants were roused by the inharmonious sounds blown from an ox-horn by the townherd, who leisurely perambulated the streets with a grey plaid twisted round his shoulders. Then came forth the cows deliberately, one by one, from their respective quarters, and took their way instinctively by the bridge across the Tweed, their keeper coming up behind to urge forward the loiterers. Before taking the ascent to the hill, the cows, in picturesque groups, might have been seen standing within the margin of the Minister's Pool, a smooth part of the river which reflected on its glistening surface the figures of the animals in various attitudes, along with the surrounding scenery; the whole—river, cows, and trees—forming a tableau such as would have been an appropriate study for Berghem or Wouvermans (p. 20).

The strongly marked characteristics of the Peebles folk may naturally have given some hints to Scott for his famous Waverley portrait gallery. It is more surprising to find among the early acquaintances of the brothers Chambers certain oddities who might have supplied Dickens with the germs of two characters in "Our Mutual

* In William's case amputation of each surplus finger and toe was successfully resorted to; but in Robert's the remedy caused an almost lifelong soreness and tenderness of the feet.

Friend." Yet Miss Ritchie, the clever sprightly woman of irreproachable character, "who, so far from the obsequiousness of her profession, . . . ruled house, servants, and guests with her clear head and ready tongue," reminds us forcibly of Miss Abbey Potterson, to whose beneficent disposition and rough and ready rule over the "Six Jolly Fellowships' Porters," the waterside population of Limehouse bowed down. Miss Ritchie would never allow her customers to have liquor after a certain hour. "When that hour arrived — I think it was the Forbes-Mackenzie hour of eleven," says Robert Chambers — "it was vain for them to ask for a fresh supply. 'Na, na, gang hame to your wives and bairns,' was her dictum, and it was impossible for them to sit much longer."

On the clock's striking ten [says Charles Dickens] and Miss Abbey's appearing at the door, and addressing a certain person in faded scarlet jacket with "George Jones! your time's up. I told your wife you should be punctual," Jones submissively rose, gave the company good-night, and retired. At half past ten, on Miss Abbey's looking in again, and saying, "William Williams, Bob Glamour, and Jonathan, you are all due," Williams, Bob, and Jonathan with singular meekness took their leave and evaporated. Greater wonder than these, when a bottle-nosed person in a glazed hat had, after some considerable hesitation, ordered another glass of gin-and-water of the attendant pot-boy, and when Miss Abbey, instead of sending it, appeared in person, saying "Captain Joey, you have had as much as will do you good," not only did the captain feebly rub his knees and contemplate the fire without offering a word of protest, but the rest of the company murmured — "Ay, ay, captain, Miss Abbey's right. You be guided by Miss Abbey, captain."*

Tam Fleck, again, — considered by his neighbors "a flichty chield," who, "not particularly steady at his legitimate employments," struck out a sort of profession by going about in the evenings with a well-worn copy of L'Estrange's "Translation of Josephus," which he read as current news by the flickering blaze of the cottage fires, — recalls the familiar figure of Mr. Silas

Wegg, at Boffin's Bower, alternately "dropping into poetry," and "declining and falling" with Gibbon's "Roman Empire" for the edification of the golden dustman and his Henrietty, at fivepence an hour. And the care with which the supply of improving literature was economized closely resembles that "ligneous sharper" Mr. Wegg's judicious method of eking out his scanty literary resources by pipes and cold pie. It was Tam Fleck's practice, says Dr. William Chambers,

not to read more than from two to three pages at a time, interlarded with sagacious remarks of his own by way of foot-notes, and in this way he sustained an extraordinary interest in the narrative. Retailing the matter with great equability in different households, Tam kept all at the same point of information, and wound them up with a corresponding anxiety as to the issue of some moving event in Hebrew annals. Although in this way he went through a course of Josephus yearly, the novelty somehow never seemed to wear off. "Wal, Tam, what's the news the night?" would old Geordie Murray say, as Tam entered with his Josephus under his arm, and seated himself at the family fireside. "Bad news, bad news," Tam would reply, "Titus has begun to besiege Jerusalem — it's gaun to be a terrible business." The protracted and severe famine which was endured by the besieged Jews was a theme which kept several families in a state of agony for a week. And when Tam in his readings came to the final conflict and destruction of the city by the Roman general, there was a perfect paroxysm of horror. At such *stances* my brother and I were delighted listeners (pp. 30, 31).

Nothing can, perhaps, be imagined much more dramatic than the sudden invasion in 1810 of this quiet, sober-minded little Scotch town, whose inhabitants read Josephus for excitement, and took "a smell of fresh air" (generally in the kirk-yard) for recreation, by over one hundred prisoners of war on parole. Most of them were lively, accomplished men; naval or military officers fresh from the Peninsular War, and all devoted adherents of Napoleon, though of varied nationality — French, Italian, Swiss, and Polish. Their strange, picturesque attire, their vivacious, gentlemanly manners, above all their determination to establish a *table d'hôte*, a

* Our Mutual Friend. By Charles Dickens, Vol. I., p. 49.

billiard-room, and a theatre, without which existence was to them an impossibility, turned the heads of the peaceful Peebles folk and filled their hearts with fearful joy. Military stragglers had already visited the old town and given "an intellectual fillip to the place"—militia regiments had marched to and fro with drums beating and colors flying, and gay recruiting sergeants (dashing, insinuating fellows!) had carried off the youth and valor of the locality, leaving behind in their stead London newspapers, the most new and fashionable airs,—such as, "Cease your funning,"—and a knowledge of cricket. A few prisoners, too, had been sent thither—Walloons, Dutch and Danes, who fell quietly into the ways of the quiet town, and by fishing and handicrafts managed to earn a bare subsistence. But no event so revolutionizing as the "French invasion" had ever before happened to Peebles!

James Chambers, as might be expected from his social disposition and love of excitement, took kindly to the clever and interesting exiles. Unable to compete with machinery, he had for some time given up his weaving business and set up as a draper. His new friends were not only welcomed to his house and assisted in their theatrical properties from his wife's wardrobe, but were liberally supplied with clothing from his stores. To these unprofitable business transactions Mrs. Chambers, with the welfare of a large young family at heart, demurred. But her husband, easy-tempered and sanguine, continued to give "unlimited credit" to his unfortunate customers, and, when the government order for their removal to Dumfriesshire arrived, lost every penny due to him. This brought on a crisis in his affairs, complicated by the roguery of a trustee. The home at Peebles was broken up, and the family removed to Edinburgh. Though occasioned by loss and trouble, nothing could have been more fortunate for the two lads than the change of abode. They had exhausted the educational resources of Peebles, which were not vast, though ampler, and incomparably more accessible, no doubt, than in English country towns at the same period. The first school attended by the brothers Chambers was kept by an old widow, who undertook to carry her pupils as far as reading the Bible, with the exception of difficult words, "such as Mahershalhashbaz," which she told her pupils might reasonably be considered "a pass-over." Thence they were transferred to the burgh school, where reading and writing could be acquired for

two shillings and twopence per quarter, with arithmetic thrown in for an extra sixpence; and where, during the teacher's too frequent absence on a carouse, the boys would have a "battle of the books," while the girls discreetly retired under the tables. The "finishing" academy was a grammar school of some celebrity in its day, boarders from Edinburgh and the colonies occasionally appearing there. Boys were even prepared for the university, being well grounded in Greek and Latin for five shillings a quarter. To this establishment Robert alone was advanced; William's education, technically so called, terminating at thirteen, having cost, books included, about six pounds. The boys learnt more at home than at school. They had picked up conversational French from their father's unprofitable customers, studied astronomy through his telescope, and, inspired by his example, spent their play hours in devouring Pope, Goldsmith, Fielding, Smollett, and the "Encyclopædia Britannica." The latter work was a mine of wealth, an intellectual Fortunatus's purse, discovered by Robert in a chest in the attic, having been, like the spinet, a white elephant of a purchase for which no standing room could be found in the crowded little house. "What the gift of a whole toyshop would have been to most children," he says, "this book was to me."

The brothers were fitted for a wider career than their native town could afford. They were independent, thoughtful, full of character, energy and resource. When James Chambers, after some fruitless attempts to revive his commission business in Edinburgh, accepted the post of manager to certain salt works at Joppa Pans, near Portobello, Robert and William were left in the capital; the former to pursue his studies at the academy of Benjamin Mackay, the latter to begin life as a book-seller's out-door apprentice, at four shillings a week. It is immensely to his credit that he made this scanty sum suffice for lodging, clothing ("shoes," he says, "were an awkwardly heavy item"), and board, never asking the smallest help from his father, but living bravely and contentedly on threepence-halfpenny a day, thanks to the frugal catering of his landlady, who declared that eating was "just a use," and relied principally on oatmeal. For a time William managed to earn a daily hot roll (most welcome addition to his scanty breakfast of porridge) by reading aloud to a baker of literary tastes but scanty leisure, while he and his sons prepared their batch. Rising about four o'clock on winter morn-

ings, the lad of fourteen, before beginning a hard day's work at Sutherland's shop in Calton Street, made his way across the silent town to the baker's cellar, where for over two hours he read aloud, seated on a flour-sack in the window sill, with his book in one hand and a tallow candle stuck in a bottle in the other. The choice of books was left to the young reader, his employer only stipulating for "something comic." "Roderick Random" was the first experiment, attended by shouts of laughter; most of the novels of Smollett and Fielding followed in due succession, but "Gil Blas" was the prime favorite. Shop hours lasted from half past seven till nine at night. Such infinitesimal leisure as remained, the brothers (for Roper temporarily shared William's bed-closet) spent with two studious lads, named King, "whose talk was of retorts, alkalies, acids, oxygen gas, Leyden jars and the galvanic pile." Their experiments, such as the production of coal-gas in a blacking-bottle, were conducted in the residence of a street porter, a handy and ingenious man, who in early life had broadened his sympathies and picked up an extensive assortment of odds and ends of knowledge by travelling as a gentleman's servant.

A varied experience of strange sorts and conditions of life, many of them long since obsolete, William Chambers gained during those early times of struggle and privation, which he half playfully, half sadly, calls the "dark ages." His master combined with book-selling a circulating library and an agency for the State Lottery, many of whose patrons were found—strange regions for Alnaschar visions!—in the Sanctuary, the Canongate, and the Old Tolbooth. William's heaviest grievance was the delivery of "those odious piles of lottery circulars," but even in this he found characteristic consolation: "Over the doorway of an old house in the West Bow, which I passed several times daily, was the inscription carved in stone, *He that tholes overcomes*; I made up my mind to *thole*—a pithy old Scottish word signifying to bear with patience." The superstitious preferences of the lottery patrons were innumerable. Some would only buy odd numbers of five figures, others bought numbers they had dreamt of, others brought the seventh son of a seventh son to choose a number for them. The majority of purchasers contented themselves with a sixteenth share, costing about a guinea and a half, and were chiefly hackney coachmen, waiters, housekeepers, small tradesmen, and prisoners for debt. But the inhabi-

tants of the Sanctuary would probably have disdained this title; "distinguished characters from England, gaunt, oldish, broken-down men of fashion, wearing big gold spectacles," to whom it was inconvenient to reside near their creditors, occupied the cluster of decayed buildings round Holyrood Palace, within whose precincts they surely defied the sheriff and his men. The debtors' quarter of the Old Tolbooth (of which many strange stories were told) when William Chambers found patrons there, was "little else than a union of lodging-house and tavern, under lock and key." Political fugitives occasionally found refuge there, and thence escaped to the Continent; and among the *détenus* were several voluntary residents, very obligingly overlooked by the governor, and preferring to live rent-free in a prison to paying for accommodation outside.

But however distasteful the routine of the week might be, Sunday always brought its blessed rest and variety. Between nine and ten on Saturday night the brothers started for their long walk through Portobello to Joppa Pans. The salt works had ceased to send up their noxious fumes, the manager's cottage, however poor and small, was home, and the mother's welcome was loving. Next day would be spent in due visits to the old churches of Inveresk or Dalkeith, followed by rambles through fields which, though scarred by coalpits, still had hedgerows where birds sang and wild flowers bloomed; or amongst "the shell and tangle covered rocks, against which pellucid waves dashed in unremitting murmurs." Even on these walks the rule of never losing a moment for mental cultivation was maintained, and the boys carried a French New Testament with them to study by the way.

The community amongst whom James Chambers was then living had many peculiarities. Together with the colliers in the neighboring tiled hamlets, the elder salt-makers had at one time been serfs, and in that condition had been legally sold with the property on which they dwelt.

I conversed with some of them on the subject [says William Chambers]. They and their children had been inheritable fixtures to the spot. They could neither leave at will, nor change their profession. . . . I feel it curious that I should have seen and spoken to persons in this country who remembered being legally in a state of serfdom—and such they were until the year 1799, when an act of Parliament abolished this last remnant of slavery in the British Islands. Appreciating the

event, they set aside one day in the year as a festival commemorative of their liberation (pp. 117, 118).

The boys had not long even the home at Joppa Pans as a refuge. The trials of James Chambers and his wife reached a climax when he was waylaid and robbed of some money he had collected in Edinburgh for his employers. It seems hard measure that he should be discharged because he had been savagely attacked and left stunned and penniless in the high road. But probably his rugged and irritable independence, always averse to receive or obey orders, became unmanageable when they were such as he did not approve, so that he was unpopular with his employers; and the business at Joppa Pans consisted largely of "supplying material for a contraband trade across the border to England," a trade which high protective duties rendered exceedingly profitable, but whose illegality vexed the soul of the manager.

On Mrs. Chambers, in spite of her weak health and the cares of numerous children, devolved the task not only of nursing her husband, but also of supporting the whole family, except William. Removing at once to a small house on the Musselburgh road, she opened a shop, assisted by such very small savings as William could contribute, the most important item being half-a-guinea presented to him by the happy owner of the sixteenth of a twenty thousand pound prize. Wherever Mrs. Chambers went she made friends by her industry, rectitude, and pleasant manners. Her new undertaking, in course of time, prospered accordingly.

The change in the circumstances of the family fell most heavily on Robert. From inability to pay the college fees, he was compelled to give up his cherished scheme of becoming a divinity student, to which end he had been working desperately hard both in and out of school, half starving himself, and abstaining from every kind of recreation. "I cannot recollect," writes his brother, "that he ever spent a moment in what was purely amusing or of no practical value;" and this stoic was barely fifteen years old! Intensely fond of classical studies, he was a tolerable Latin verse writer and an ardent Pythagorean, sustained through every privation by the distinctions he won at school, and the hope that they presaged equal distinction in the Church. When this hope was dashed to the ground, and the reaction after so much effort and endurance came;

when, in addition to his own disappointment, he was forced helplessly to witness the struggles and privations at home, "he wandered about with a sense of desolation," says his brother, "and abandoned himself to an agony of despair." But all this time the "divinity that shapes our ends," however hard our misdirected enthusiasms may strive against it, had been qualifying him for a career more suited to his powers than the ministry. His vocation was to teach through the press, not from the pulpit; and the extreme poverty which sent him after school-hours to the Old Tolbooth for warmth and shelter, or prompted his restless wanderings through every nook and corner of the old picturesque city, filled his fancy with character studies for future essays, and stored his brain with the quaint antiquarian and legendary lore which, seven years later, made Sir Walter Scott wonder "where the boy got all his information." But he could not foresee this in the hour of disappointment at his altered prospects; and the brothers held many a Sabbath eve consultation as to the future, as they sat on a grassy knoll overlooking the gleaming waters of the Firth. Jeremy Taylor says: "No man but hath blessings enough in present possession to outweigh the evils of a great affliction;" how the blessings are to be recognized and brought into practical application, comments William Chambers, is sometimes the difficulty. In Robert's case the blessings consisted of youth, health, a fair education, and honorable aspirations. Then came the question, what was he to do with them? At first a little teaching was undertaken at Portobello. Then an ill-paid situation in a merchant's office. But the latter involved a daily walk of twelve miles, which his lameness compelled him soon to give up; and from his next situation he was discharged, for no reason that he could think of, he said, but that his employer thought him "too stupid ever to be of any good." Impressionable, sensitive, feeling keenly the indifference of well-to-do relations, who might easily have removed the obstacles from his path, Robert now found himself "at the bottom of the ladder"—and instantly set about climbing up again.

Each brother had cherished a secret ambition: Robert's hope of entering the ministry must clearly be given up. William's dream of becoming a bookseller might still be realized. Why should not both enter on the same career, since the experience gained already by the one was fully at the service of the other? And not

the experience only : during his apprenticeship William had contrived, by heaven only knows what frugality and self-denial, again to save a very little money, and this was at his brother's disposal, to start him on his new career. So in 1818, at sixteen years old, the disappointed divinity student set up as a bookseller in Leith Walk, Edinburgh, with his stock in trade, consisting of the well-worn remains of his father's library, displayed on a rude stall in front of the little room which "served him for workshop, parlor, and all," as the nursery rhyme runs, and for which he paid the gigantic rental of six pounds a year. William went to live with him in order to lessen expenses, and to be at hand for professional advice, regardless of the fact that a bed on the floor, with a bundle of books for a pillow, was all the accommodation his brother could offer him.

In May, 1819, William's apprenticeship came to an end, and he resolved to make a bold stroke for independence. Continuing to live with his brother, he rented a small shop at no great distance in the Walk—a kind of broad boulevard, stretching for a mile between Edinburgh and the seaport, and used as a general thoroughfare in which most of the eccentrics of Edinburgh circulated, especially at the time of Leith races. Shops for shells, corals, and other curiosities abounded; but the chief attraction was a wax-work show, at whose entrance sat an old gentleman in full court dress, reading a newspaper which had occupied him for ten years. The houses were of a most heterogeneous order, villas with showy gardens appearing between rows of small shops, and an avenue of fine old trees leading to Pilrig House, fronting William's bookstall.

Robert having come into possession of the family library, it was problematical whence William's stock in trade would be derived, but for a lucky accident which gained him the good graces of the travelling agent of William Tegg, the Cheapside publisher, who was about to hold a trade sale at Edinburgh, and wanted the help of some one accustomed to pack and arrange books. William Chambers was recommended, and gave satisfaction; and inquiries followed as to what he meant to do. "I replied to the friendly inquirer, that I was about to begin business," says William, "and that if I had any money I should buy a few of his specimens. 'Well,' he replied, 'I like that frankness. You seem an honest lad, and have been useful to me. Select ten pounds' worth of samples, and I will give you the usual credit.'" This

offer was joyfully embraced, and William, having wheeled his precious windfall home in a borrowed truck, spent the few remaining shillings of his last wages in deals, nails, etc., to fit up his shop and stall. A few days later he began business.

He saved as well as earned money in every possible way. He bought books in sheets, and learnt to put them in boards himself; and on wet days, when trade was dull, he transcribed poems for albums with exquisite neatness, in imitation of copperplate lettering. Then he began to write a little himself, and next to print his own productions. The *modus operandi* he must himself describe, premising that the whole machine only cost three pounds.

The press, constructed to stand on a table, consisted of a wooden sole, with a carriage, on which the forme of types was to be laid; and this carriage required to be pushed forward and drawn out as you would a drawer. The power consisted of an iron screw hung on a cross beam, sustained by two upright supports. The handle was attached to the upper and projecting end of the screw, and had to be turned about twice with a smart jerk before the pressure could be effected. The working of the machine was slow. Owing to the unsteadiness of the structure, the impression was imperfect. The extent of the pressing surface was eighteen inches by twelve. . . . When the screw was brought to the pull a jangling and creaking noise was produced, like a shriek of anguish, that might have been heard two houses off. The impression being so effected the screw had to be whisked back to a state of repose. I had no table on which to fix this frail machine, and placed it on a stout wooden chest turned on its side, which in more prosperous days had been used in my father's house as a meal-ark.

Nothing more primitive, Dr. Chambers may well remark, had been attempted since Gutenberg made his rudimentary efforts in the art of printing.

I think there was a degree of infatuation [he continues, evidently giving a half-compassionate, half-regretful glance at those happy days when he was so miserable] in my attachment to that jangling, creaking, wheezing little press. Placed at the only window in my apartment [he had by this time left his brother, and was renting a bedroom behind his own shop] within a few feet of my bed, I could see its outline in the silvery moonlight when I awoke. And there, at the glowing dawn, did its figure assume distinct proportions. When daylight came fully in, it was impossible to resist the desire to rise and have an hour or two of exercise at the little machine (pp. 158-162).

The first work which issued from this apparatus was "The Songs of Robert

Burns," a popular subject, only too fascinating to the young printer himself, who "hung delightedly over the verses, and could not help singing them" as he set the type. After an interval of fifty years he adds, "I recollect the delight I experienced in working off my first impression, the pleasure since of seeing hundreds of thousands of sheets pouring from machines in which I claim an interest being nothing to it." The artist who illustrated the volume was as remarkable an instance of perseverance under difficulties as the young publisher; both were excellent representatives of a type of character perhaps only to be found in full perfection among the Scots.

Peter Fyfe had been a weaver's reed-maker in Paisley, but having been unfortunate in business had migrated to Edinburgh. Necessitous and clever, he was ready for anything artistic that might come in his way. I am not aware of any department in the fine or useful arts of which he would have confessed himself ignorant. At this period, when few knew anything of lithography, and he knew nothing at all, he undertook in answer to an advertisement to organize and manage a concern of that kind, and by tact and intuition gave unqualified satisfaction. Although altogether unacquainted with copperplate engraving he executed from the description I gave him a portrait of the Black Dwarf, for my account of that singular personage, which sketch has ever since been accepted as an authority. I now applied to this genius for an illustration to my song-book, which he successfully produced, and for a few additional shillings executed a vignette representing some national emblems (p. 163).

The profits of the venture, nine pounds, were found very useful in increasing William's stock of types, which he had been obliged to supplement by wooden letters cut with his chisel and penknife. His next experiment was a circulating library, in which the Waverley novels formed the chief attraction. A huge signboard, with "BOOKSELLER AND PRINTER" painted on it by his own ready hand, also attracted attention; and, in short, though he had many irons in the fire, he handled them so well that none of them burnt his fingers.

The printing stock had been enlarged just at the right time. A rage for writing fell on Robert (then nineteen), who projected a threepenny fortnightly periodical of sixteen pages octavo, to be called "The Kaleidoscope,"* or Edinburgh Literary Amusement." Robert was the editor and

author in chief; his brother William, printer, publisher, and contributor when leisure served. At the time William undertook these additional tasks he was already working sixteen hours a day, only allowing himself a quarter of an hour for meals which, indeed, did not offer much temptation to loiter, as he lived literally on the provincial sixpence a day. Nothing but the energy and hopefulness of youth could have sustained such pressure and privation.

The Kaleidoscope barely paid its expenses, and expired, at a year old, in 1822. Other hopes and prospects were opening to the young editor. In the same year he issued his first book, "Illustrations of the Author of Waverley," containing descriptions of supposed originals of notabilities in the earlier Waverley novels, such as Dominie Sampson, Meg Merrilies, etc. William set it up in his best long primer type, worked off a thousand copies, and put them in boards with pink paper covers. These were soon sold, and an Edinburgh publisher brought out a second edition in better style, with, as frontispiece, a portrait of Walter Scott, his face hidden by a curtain; an ingenious, and then novel, way of identifying the "Great Unknown." Another circumstance soon brought Robert Chambers into personal communication with his idol. Like his brother, Robert Chambers had cultivated ornamental penmanship; and among other things, he wrote with wonderful minuteness a large sheet of extracts from Scott's poems, which a friend showed to Constable. This led to Robert's obtaining an interview with the great publisher, who advised him to copy the songs from "The Lady of the Lake," in a volume which he would have bound, that Robert might personally present it to the author. The book was taken to Scott's house in Castle Street, and kindly and admiringly received. In a letter from Robert Chambers to Constable, describing the interview, gratitude and enthusiasm hurried the usually accurate and even precise young writer into an extraordinary image. Hoping that he did not stay too long, he adds: "If I have been guilty there, my excuse will readily be found in my only having endeavored to take as long a draught as possible of the bewitching bowl of his presence."

When George IV. visited Edinburgh in 1822, Scott employed his young admirer in copying addresses to the king, and also commissioned him to enter in a volume like the one presented to himself the best *vers d'occasion* inspired by the royal visit.

* The kaleidoscope, "an optical toy, about which people were, for a time, nearly crazy," was invented by Brewster in 1821.

In 1823 the stock of the two brothers had become worth about two hundred pounds each, and they removed to better quarters — William to Broughton Street, Robert to India Place, where he began his "Traditions of Edinburgh" in penny numbers, printed by William.

Edinburgh was at that time full of historical remains, most of which have been swept away in the course of modern improvements. Robert Chambers observing the transition state of society, foresaw the doom of many of these objects of interest, and that many curious customs would soon be obsolete. He therefore conceived and carried out the happy idea of giving, in a popular form, minute accounts of them.

His statements of places and residents exhibit [says Lord Cockburn]* a picture of society which is incomprehensible now [1847], and indeed was scarcely credible even to such survivors as lived in it. They imply that those of the upper class must have all been well acquainted and must have associated with the familiarity of village neighbors. What else could people do who pigged together in the same "land," and had their main doors within a few feet of each other on the same common stair? This must certainly have occasionally given rise to the petty quarrels and factions that keep small sets awake; but on the whole the local concentration was favorable to kindness and mirth. Few of them had houses, and still fewer incomes, convenient for formal company dinners. The lady's bedroom was often the drawing-room. This, and custom, prolonged hereditary resort of men to the tavern for business and conviviality. . . . The society of Edinburgh contained many good and several bright names, both professional and literary, and was graced by a far greater intermixture of resident rank and family than either Edinburgh or any provincial town can boast of now, when everything of the kind is sucked into the London whirlpool.

Lord Cockburn then laments the "successive throes of the old town," which produced various "improvements," amongst them being the bringing of railways into Princes Street Gardens, whereby many highly interesting memorials perished, and over which the antiquarian soul sighs in vain. Robert Chambers's book attracted some notice, and during its publication, Scott, Lockhart, and Henry Mackenzie (the "Man of Feeling") called upon him; and Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, the well-known antiquary, gave him the notes he had made for a book to be called "Reeki-

ana," and written jointly by Walter Scott and himself. Scott also sent the young author, with a kind, encouraging letter, sixteen closely-written folio pages of reminiscences of old persons and things in Edinburgh. "Such a treasure to me!" wrote Robert, in an introduction to a later edition, "and such a gift from the greatest literary man to the humblest!"

On the completion of the "Traditions" in numbers, and exhaustion of the first collected edition, Robert was advised by Constable to send the second edition to his London correspondents, Messrs. Hurst, Robinson, and Co., to whom he would recommend it. Some large packages were sent, accordingly, but the brothers not feeling satisfied with the result, William determined to look into matters in person. A little romance attending this determination is so naively told, that we cannot resist quotation:—

On a fine summer evening in 1825, arriving by a steamer in the Thames, I first visited the Metropolis. The circumstance is to be specially remembered by me. It being too late to pursue my business mission I thought of calling on Mr. John Clark, of Westminster, an artist whom I had accidentally met in Scotland the previous year, when taking views of the principal towns. A long walk brought me to Mr. Clark's door. It was opened by a sprightly young lady, his daughter, whom I had never seen before. The interview with the family was agreeable. An intimacy ensued. And some years afterwards, when the fates were propitious, the sprightly young lady who had chanced to open the door became my wife (p. 200).

The more prosaic result of the visit to London was that William, not liking the aspect of affairs at Messrs. Hurst and Co.'s Cheapside establishment, withdrew the whole stock of "Traditions," and thus saved his brother from any loss in the gigantic crash which ruined Sir Walter Scott, Ballantyne, Constable and his London correspondents. The "Traditions" were afterwards purchased by William Tait for between three and four hundred pounds, and finally, in more prosperous days, repurchased by Robert Chambers.

The satisfaction felt by the brothers in the literary success of the "Traditions" was alloyed by a piece of characteristic imprudence on their father's part. When his son's prospects improved he removed to Edinburgh, and began a lawsuit for the possession of "a wretched old house, not worth, perhaps, £200," which had once belonged to the family, but had drifted into other hands. Both Mrs. Chambers

* Journal of Henry Cockburn; being a Continuation of the Memorials of his Time; 1831-1854 (Edinburgh: Edmondstone and Douglas, Princes Street; 2 Vols., 1874), Vol. II., pp. 194, 195.

and her children strongly, but vainly, opposed the hopeless litigation. The case proceeded, was lost and the effect on James Chambers was, that he "went from bad to worse, . . . and under his accumulation of disasters and cankering reminiscences, ascribable in a great degree to his own inconsiderateness and want of moral courage, died a wreck, in November, 1824." The costs of the lost lawsuit not only swallowed up all the money received from Tait for the "Traditions," but also threw the brothers back a year or two in their brave struggle. Notwithstanding this heavy legacy of debt left them by their father, his widow found a peaceful and an honored home with her sons, and had the consolation of seeing their progress, and being rewarded by their affection, till the close of her long and useful life in 1843.*

To Robert Chambers's next work, "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," Walter Scott also gave assistance; and, until overwhelmed with work and trouble by Constable's failure in 1826, showed the author much personal kindness, daily walking with him and discussing his studies and prospects. Pecuniary help, it was often hinted, would have been given as readily, but Robert, with youth and strength for capital, honorably preferred to rely upon his own exertions. "The quantity of varied literary work," writes his brother, "which he went through at this time was astonishing," especially as he was personally superintending every detail of an increasing business. Scott seems to have thought he was overdoing it, for he wrote in his diary:—

Took to reading Chambers's "Beauties of Scotland," which would be admirable if they were accurate. He is a clever young fellow, but hurts himself by too much haste. I am not making too much myself, I know—and I know, too, it is time I were making it. But there is such a thing as more haste and less speed.†

This is a fault to which all fluent and popular young writers, who undertake serial works for money as well as fame, are prone. The marvel in Robert Chambers's case was that, doing so much, and often literally while the press waited for copy, he attained such an average of excellence. He had the advantage of dealing generally with kindred subjects, so that while engaged on one book he was

accumulating materials for others, as a glance at their titles will show. Between 1822 and 1832 he produced, besides the "Illustrations" and "Traditions," his "History of the Rebellion of 1745;" "History of the Rebellions in Scotland from 1638 to 1660;" "History of the Rebellions in 1689 and 1715;" "Life of James the First;" "Scottish Ballads and Songs;" "Scottish Jests and Anecdotes;" and "Biography of Distinguished Scotsmen," in addition to editing an old-established newspaper, called the *Edinburgh Advertiser*. This was a busy life, yet he found time in its course to fall in love with and marry Anne Kirkwood, a charming and accomplished woman—the heroine of some of his poems—whose musical and social talents helped to draw round their home a pleasant circle.

Meantime, William Chambers also was busy writing. His first work, "The Book of Scotland," describing the secular and religious institutions peculiar to that country, he mentions as poor, and "now very properly forgotten." Nevertheless it procured his engagement, in conjunction with his brother, to prepare the "Gazetteer of Scotland," a compilation from the best authorities, with additional matter, to obtain which William undertook pedestrian journeys of forty miles a day, consulting the "oldest inhabitants," and resting at the humblest inns. The compiled portions he wrote and rewrote so diligently, that his manual work amounted to thirty thousand pages of MS., all transcribed behind the counter, or after business hours. *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, the enterprise by which the brothers' name became best known, was started in February, 1832. Popularly written, and plentifully mixing tales and poems with essays and "useful knowledge," at three halfpence a number, it had an immediate success far beyond its projector's hopes. The circulation of the third number reached eighty thousand. The honor of the idea belonged to William. Robert was sceptical, and even a little shocked at it. By the thirteenth number he was converted, and became joint editor; of this partnership the survivor says:—

A happy difference, yet some resemblance, in character, proved of service in our literary and commercial union. . . . One could not well have done without the other. With mutual help there was mutual strength. . . . All previous hardships and experiences seemed to be but a training in strict adaptation for the course of life opened to us in 1832. Nothing could have happened better.

* Robert and William Chambers also took charge of and associated with themselves in business two brothers, James and David; the former of whom died young, the latter dying in 1871, four days after his brother Robert.

† Lockhart's "Life of Scott," 2nd edit., 1839, Vol. IX., p. 304.

Such was their brotherly confidence that for twenty-one years no memorandum of agreement between them was thought necessary. In his opening address William Chambers hoped that the *Journal* would be welcomed by "the poorest laborers in the country." How the hope was realized is shown in this passage from a letter written by Allan Cunningham to Robert Chambers:—

My wife, who has just returned from Scotland, says that your *Journal* is very popular among her native hills of Galloway. The shepherds, who are scattered there at the rate of one to every four miles square, read it constantly, and they circulate it in this way: the first shepherd who gets it reads it, and at an understood hour places it under a stone on a certain hilltop; then shepherd the second in his own time finds it, reads it, and carries it to another hill, where it is found like Ossian's chief under its own grey stone by shepherd the third, and so it passes on its way, scattering information over the land (p. 245).

On the 21st of September, 1832, died that glory of Scotsmen and giant among *littérateurs*, Sir Walter Scott, who was buried on the 26th, at Dryburgh Abbey, with every mark of regret and respect which could make the ceremony impressive. Among the few mourners from Edinburgh were the brothers Chambers. No one acquainted with the almost idolatrous veneration they lavished on the great leader of Scottish literature can for a moment doubt the genuineness of their grief, notwithstanding the sudden transition in the following passages:—

Indebted to Sir Walter for so many kindnesses some years previously, and in correspondence with him till the close of 1837, my brother felt that he had lost his most honored friend. Almost immediately, he proceeded to write a memoir of the deceased, from such materials as were within reach, as well as from personal recollections (p. 242).

The memoir was no doubt very excellent—certainly it was very popular, as a hundred and eighty thousand copies were sold.

There are three extremely national features in this "simple story." The *naïve* mixture of sorrow with an eye to business; the honesty with which it is avowed; and the apparent blindness to its ludicrous side.

It is impossible to enumerate here all the books for which *Chambers's Journal* led the way. A few instances will sufficiently indicate their nature and success, and enforce the lesson of their authors' strug-

gling, persevering, and finally triumphant lives. Chambers's "Information for the People" sold one hundred and seventy thousand sets, was republished in America and translated into French. The "Educational Course" was so well received that it extended to a hundred volumes, several of them written by Robert Chambers, while William wrote many of their popular "Social Science Tracts." Among Robert's earlier works was a "History of Scotland" (projected and published by Richard Bentley) to which his "Domestic Annals of Scotland" formed a valuable appendix. In Chambers's "Encyclopædia" and "Cyclopædia of English Literature," the brothers were of course assisted by competent friends, including James Payn, George Dodd, and Robert Carruthers—the latter having been but recently taken from us in his seventy-ninth year. One book written by Robert deserves special mention—because it furnishes an illustration of one of his many methods of "doing good by stealth," and because it evoked from Charles Dickens an unexpected tribute of generous appreciation. On the 25th of January, 1859, a grand Burns Centenary Festival was held at the Crystal Palace, while similar gatherings were held in most of the principal towns throughout the kingdom, and of course in Edinburgh. In *Household Words* for the 12th of February following, appeared as leader an article entitled, "Burns: Viewed as a Hat-Peg." Written by Dickens himself it satirized, in his own incisive, inimitable style, the commemoration as a gigantic humbug and display of personal vanity, singling out, however, for "favorable distinction" the Edinburgh dinner "from the circumstance that one man happened to be present" who *had* "done something for the memory of Burns besides talk about it." That "one man" was Robert Chambers, who acknowledged in a speech of "just two lines" the toast to "the biographers of Burns."

What Mr. Robert Chambers said for Burns on this occasion [continues Mr. Dickens] is not mentioned in the report we read. The infinitely more important question of what he has done for Burns we are in a position to answer without referring to reports. About seventeen years ago a grateful country had left Burns's sister, Mrs. Begg, and her daughters in the most impoverished circumstances; and Mr. Robert Chambers set on foot a subscription for them. The result of the appeal thus made, and of a solemn Branch-Burns Commemoration got up in Ayrshire was a subscription amounting to something less than

£400; of which the queen and court gave £64. As much was done with this pittance as could be done; and it was sunk in an annuity for the three poor souls to live upon. Mrs. Begg and her daughters were settled in a cottage in Ayrshire. Mr. Robert Chambers then went bravely to work with his own hands and brains to help Burns's kindred for Burns's sake. After devoting admirable industry and research to the task, he produced "The Life and Poems of Burns" in four volumes; published the book in 1851; and devoted the first proceeds of the sale, £200, to the necessities of Mrs. Begg and her daughters. Thus giving from his own individual exertion more than half as much as the entire sum which all Scotland had given. We hope Mr. Robert Chambers will forgive us for filling up an omission in the newspaper history of the 26th January, and mentioning by way of contrast the nature of *his* tribute to the memory of Burns.*

This paragraph was copied into the *Times* with a heading, "Robert Burns and Robert Chambers," and while it gave considerable surprise to Robert Chambers it was even more gratifying to his friends and relatives, who knew how modestly he shrank from all parade, and that he "never spoke" of what he did to help poor but deserving persons whose distresses were brought under his notice. Leigh Hunt immediately after reading the paragraph wrote to Robert Chambers to express his "delight" with it, saying of the facts announced, "These are things which bring tears of admiration into one's eyes. I never heard of the circumstances before or I should have spoken of them. They did not surprise me, for I already believed you to be a man capable of such things; but it is affecting to see realized what one believes in."

Remembering that Leigh Hunt and the brothers Chambers had been considered in some sort competitors for the honor of having originated cheap and good periodical literature; that Leigh Hunt had been the projector, proprietor, and editor of more than one commercially unsuccessful publication of the kind; and that Charles Dickens was the projector, proprietor, and editor of an every way successful periodical, which might have been regarded as the southern rival of the northern journal, it is what Leigh Hunt himself would have called a "handsome thing" to see in all three such utter freedom from that "trade malice" which Mr. Charles Reade so trenchantly denounces — and without which, according to the same high authority, no literary man can be complete!

* *Household Words*, Vol. XIX., pp. 242, 243.

Another generous act formed the sequel to a pretty love story in the life of Robert Chambers. When he was beginning to make way as a bookseller of nineteen, a widow with several daughters lodged over his shop in Leith Walk; the girls sang and played excellently, and Robert, listening, thought them "a choir of angels." In such a case, as his brother drily remarks, there is always one who is *most* angelic; and Lillias, the youngest and fairest of the daughters, became Robert's first love. He used to lie awake at night listening while she sang overhead, and weaving verses on her sweet voice and bright eyes. His affection was returned, but the mother thought the young suitor ineligible and broke off the acquaintance. In time Lillias married — in every respect unfortunately. Hearing of her destitute condition, Robert Chambers liberally assisted her. They met once more, when both were on the verge of the grave. She was a widow; he doubly a widower. He was rich and celebrated; she entirely dependent on his bounty. The interview was painful, and they parted with tears. In his will Robert Chambers made ample provision for his first love, but she only survived him a few months.

There was, however, much good work to be done, and there were many fortunate years to be enjoyed before this sequel to their story. The latter half of the brothers' lives was as full of prosperity as the earlier had been of privation. Visiting foreign countries, and writing pleasant and reliable accounts of their travels; receiving municipal and collegiate honors in their own country; welcomed abroad by leaders of thought as worthy fellow-workers, and happy at home among affectionate families and "troops of friends," they amply reaped the reward of their labors.

At a time of life when most men allow their youthful acquirements to rust a little for want of practice, Robert Chambers took up a new science by way of recreation, and threw himself into the study of geology with an ardor worthy of the boy who preferred the "Encyclopædia Britannica" to fairy tales. The Rhineland, Switzerland, Iceland, and Norway, besides the remoter parts of Great Britain, were visited in the course of his explorations, which were described in readable and useful volumes. In America both brothers were cordially received. William was made LL.D. of Edinburgh (of which he was lord provost for four years), and St. Andrews conferred the same dignity on Robert. In the London literary society of the

last half-century the brothers were popular. While staying in town a visit from Sydney Smith—who announced himself as the originator of the *Edinburgh Review* come to see the originator of the *Edinburgh Journal*—gave William Chambers great pleasure. In the course of their chat Mr. Chambers claimed for the Scotch a considerable fund of humor. "Oh, by all means!" replied his reverend visitor. "You are an immensely funny people, but you require a little operating upon to let the fun out, and I know no instrument so efficacious as the corkscrew."

One visit paid by William Chambers was to Miss Mitford at her pretty cottage at Three Mile Cross. They were mutually pleased, and the authoress of "Our Village" wrote in January, 1850, to the Rev. Hugh Pearson: "I am sure you would like Mr. Chambers. I verily believe that he is all he seems: kind, truthful, benevolent, intelligent, and eminently practical."*

In all their later successes the brothers never lost sight of their birthplace, or forgot their early friends. In grateful recognition of the benefits they had received from a little collection of books called "Elder's Library" in Peebles, William Chambers gave the town a suite of rooms consisting of museum, art gallery, lecture hall, reading-room, and a library of ten thousand volumes. But he frankly admits that the class for whose benefit the princely gift was chiefly intended has not benefited by it to the hoped-for extent.

The last work of any magnitude undertaken by Robert Chambers was "The Book of Days"—a gigantic miscellany of popular antiquities, illustrating the calendar, "including anecdotes, biographies, curiosities of literature, and oddities of human life and character." As it was necessary to attend the British Museum almost daily in order to collect materials Robert Chambers brought his family to London, and took for their accommodation Verulam House, St. John's Wood. This residence, says one of his daughters, he described to her as comprehending

a large garden, lawns, hothouses, and, in short, the whole paraphernalia of a gentleman's country house, with a fine conservatory adjoining the drawing-room, and containing a fountain surrounded with flowers. Besides plenty of space for the beloved books [Mrs. Dowie adds] and spare rooms for guests, there was no end of scope for the romping of grand-

children. On the lawn, adjoining a rustic summer-house, there were some fine trees, one of them a splendid spreading oak, beneath which my mother often took breakfast, at which she usually held a *levée* of cats. Her fondness for these animals was extraordinary, and she always maintains that they were a misunderstood and ill-used people. Her special favorites were two beautiful white cats, known as Mr. and Mrs. Archie, and one of their kittens was generally perched on her shoulder, when seated under the trees (pp. 306, 307).

Amidst this charming home life "The Book of Days" was begun in 1861, at which time also he was reading the proofs of his "History of the Indian Mutiny," with the assistance of a new friend, Lord Clyde. Two years later "The Book of Days" was finished; but, as he said himself, it was his "death-blow." It seems both sad and strange that a man who had attained greater wealth and popularity than his wildest boyish visions painted; who was surrounded by a loving and beloved family and a wide circle of eminent friends; who could rest or travel as he chose; and at whose command was every requisite for making life enjoyable, should have died of "overwork." Yet that he was a "victim to literary labor" his family believed; though, as he had reached within one year of the allotted threescore and ten, it cannot be held that overwork very materially shortened his career. This toiling unto the eleventh hour, when the need for toil has long ceased, is but too common among literary men, as instanced by Thackeray, Southey, and Dickens; less, of course, for the love of gain than for that of the actual work produced, and the unimpaired power of producing it. Whether this was so or not with Robert Chambers, it is certain that "The Book of Days" was the last continuous work of which he was capable. He died in his own house at St. Andrews—in his study, which had been fitted up as a bedroom during his illness. His last words were: "Quite comfortable—quite happy—nothing more."

Consistently with his unremitting industry, he left an unfinished book; and consistently with his deep though unobtrusive piety, the subject was "The Life and Preachings of Jesus Christ from the Evangelists, for the Use of Young People."

In an excellent summary of his brother's character, at the end of the memoir, Dr. William Chambers says:—

In the common language of the world, Robert's life had been successful. From humble beginnings he had risen to the enjoyment

* Letters of Mary Russell Mitford. Edited by Henry C. Chorley. Second Series. (Bentley, 1872.) Vol. II, p. 199.

of a fair share of earthly possessions. Let it, however, be understood that he never sought to acquire wealth for its own sake. He had a hatred of mere money-making. Life with him, as I may say with myself, was viewed as a trust for much more noble ends than that of miserly accumulation. At the outset we had to encounter some privations, but the struggle was by no means either discouraging or cheerless.

He then speaks at some length of the "unextinguishable impulse upwards," which supported them through so many struggles, and pays a grateful tribute to the

sustaining influence of a keen love of and veneration for books. We revelled [he adds] in imaginative as well as in more serious kinds of literature. . . . In looking back through a long vista of years to the "Dark Ages," I cannot but think that this species of enjoyment was not only actively but negatively advantageous. There was always for us something to think of besides ordinary cares, something to modify and subdue the temptation to mean indulgence. . . . Poor we were, but so far as the pleasures of reading were concerned, we might be said to be almost on a level with the affluent. . . . Actuated by correct and generous impulses, Robert's career afforded a lesson not only to the young but to the middle-aged. . . . There was a purity, a simplicity, a geniality about his whole career which we do not often see so amiably or so consistently demonstrated. In youth, in manhood, and in declining age, in all the social phases through which he passed, he was ever the same gentle and benign being — loved and esteemed by all who knew him (pp. 338, 339).

We have dwelt at perhaps disproportionate length on the earlier part of the brothers' gallant fight with fortune. But all who have to toil and struggle may turn for encouragement and example to this minutely-painted picture of self-denial, industry, and ingenuity. There is nothing in the story of the brothers Chambers which may not be imitated by young men beginning life with an equal amount of health, principle, and perseverance. No noble patron smoothed seemingly insurmountable obstacles out of their path by the touch of a jewelled finger; no Indian uncle helped them on by an unexpected legacy; no heiress fell in love with the heroic souls inhabiting those poorly-clad bodies, as virtue is usually rewarded — in novels. Their story is simply an excellent commentary on the brave old text: "God helps those who help themselves."

There is a fibre in the Scottish character which will bear a tremendous strain: the bracing of the keen native air, the Spartan

simplicity of the national diet, may be among its material causes. Of its existence there can be no doubt. Every generation affords examples of Scots who, against innumerable and intolerable difficulties, have worked their way to stations honorable to themselves, helpful to those around them, and useful to the world; and in all this distinguished list few lives have been more admirable than those of the brothers Chambers.

Of Robert we have had to speak in the past tense; of William, though the elder brother, we may yet, happily, speak in the present, for he worthily continues the career of which, so far, a sketch has been given. To the young and friendless the simple, earnest memoir before us ought — to use William's words — to be both "instructive and inspiring;" and we may add that in time to come — which we trust will be long in coming — it will prove to be the best monument to the memory of William and Robert alike: a fine lesson of probity and industry, and a beautiful record of brotherly affection.

SIR GIBBIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

AUTHOR OF "MALCOLM," "THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE,"
ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

(continued.)

His next recollection of himself was in the first of the morning, on the lofty chain-bridge over the river Daur. Before him lay he knew not what, only escape from what was behind. His faith in men seemed ruined. The city, his home was frightful to him. Quarrels and curses and blows he had been used to, and amidst them life could be lived. If he did not consciously weave them into his theories, he unconsciously wrapped them up in his confidence, and was at peace. But the last night had revealed something unknown before. It was as if the darkness had been cloven, and through the cleft he saw into hell. A thing had been done that could not be undone, and he thought it must be what people called *murder*. And Sambo was such a good man! He was almost as good a man as Gibbie's father, and now he would not breathe any more! Was he gone where Gibbie's father was gone? Was it the good men that stopped breathing and grew cold? But it was those wicked men that had

deaded Sambo! And with that his first vague perception of evil and wrong in the world began to dawn.

He lifted his head from gazing down on the dark river. A man was approaching the bridge. He came from the awful city! Perhaps he wanted him! He fled along the bridge like a low-flying water-bird. If another man had appeared at the other end, he would have got through between the rods, and thrown himself into the river. But there was no one to oppose his escape; and after following the road a little way up the river, he turned aside into a thicket of shrubs on the nearly precipitous bank, and sat down to recover the breath he had lost more from dismay than exertion.

The light grew. All at once he descried, far down the river, the steeples of the city. Alas! alas! there lay poor black Sambo, so dear to wee Sir Gibbie, motionless and covered with blood! He had two red mouths now, but was not able to speak a word with either! They would carry him to a churchyard and lay him in a hole, to lie there forever and ever! Would all the good people be laid into holes and leave Gibbie quite alone? Sitting and brooding thus, he fell into a dreamy state, in which, brokenly, from here and there, pictures of his former life grew out upon his memory. Suddenly, plainer than all the rest, came the last time he stood under Mistress Croale's window, waiting to help his father home. The same instant back to the ears of his mind came his father's two words, through the window as he had heard them — "*Up Daurside.*"

"Up Daurside!" — Here he was upon Daurside — a little way up too: he would go farther up. He rose and went on, while the great river kept flowing the other way, dark and terrible, down to the very door, inside which lay Sambo with the huge gape in his big throat.

Meantime the murder came to the knowledge of the police, Mistress Croale herself giving the information, and all in the house were arrested. In the course of their examination, it came out that wee Sir Gibbie had gone to bed with the murdered man, and was now nowhere to be found. Either they had murdered him too, or carried him off. The news spread, and the whole city was in commotion about his fate. It was credible enough that persons capable of committing such a crime on such an inoffensive person as the testimony showed poor Sambo, would be capable also of throwing the life of a child after that of the man to protect their own.

The city was searched from end to end, from side to side, and from cellar to garret. Not a trace of him was to be found — but indeed Gibbie had always been easier to find than to trace, for he had no belongings of any sort to betray him. No one dreamed of his having fled straight to the country, and search was confined to the city.

The murderers were at length discovered, tried, and executed. They protested their innocence with regard to the child, and therein nothing appeared against them beyond the fact that he was missing. The result, so far as concerned Gibbie, was, that the talk of the city, where almost every one knew him, was turned, in his absence, upon his history; and from the confused mass of hearsay that reached him, Mr. Sclater set himself to discover and verify the facts. For this purpose he burrowed about in the neighborhoods Gibbie had chiefly frequented, and was so far successful as to satisfy himself that Gibbie, if he was alive, was Sir Gilbert Galbraith, Baronet; but his own lawyer was able to assure him with equal certainty, that not an inch of property remained anywhere attached to the title. There were indeed relations of the boy's mother, who were of some small consequence in a neighboring county, also one in business in Glasgow, or its neighborhood, reported wealthy; but these had entirely disowned her because of her marriage. All Mr. Sclater discovered besides was, in a lumber-room next the garret in which Sir George died, a box of papers — a glance at whose contents showed that they must at least prove a great deal of which he was already certain from other sources. A few of them had to do with the house in which they were found, still known as the Auld Hoose o' Galbraith; but most of them referred to property in land, and many were of ancient date. If the property were in the hands of descendants of the original stock, the papers would be of value in their eyes; and in any case it would be well to see to their safety. Mr. Sclater therefore had the chest removed to the garret of the manse, where it stood thereafter, little regarded, but able to answer for more than itself.

CHAPTER IX.

ADRIFT.

GIBBIE was now without a home. He had had a whole city for his dwelling, every street of which had been to him as

another hall in his own house, every lane as a passage from one set of rooms to another, every court as a closet, every house as a safe, guarding the only possessions he had, the only possessions he knew how to value — his fellow-mortals, radiant with faces, and friendly with hands and tongues. Great as was his delight in freedom, a delight he revelled in from morning to night, and sometimes from night to morning, he had never had a notion of it that reached beyond the city, he never longed for larger space, for wider outlook. Space and outlook he had skyward — and seaward when he would, but even into these regions he had never yet desired to go. His world was the world of men; the presence of many was his greater room; his people themselves were his world. He had no idea of freedom in dissociation with human faces and voices and eyes. But now he had left all these, and as he ran from them a red pall seemed settling down behind him, wrapping up and hiding away his country, his home. For the first time in his life, the fatherless, motherless, brotherless, sisterless stray of the streets felt himself alone. The sensation was an awful one. He had lost so many, and had not one left! That gash in Sambo's black throat had slain "a whole cityful." His loneliness grew upon him, until again he darted aside from the road into the bush, this time to hide from the Spectre of the Desert — the No Man. Deprived of human countenances, the face of creation was a mask without eyes, and liberty a mere negation. Not that Gibbie had ever thought about liberty: he had only enjoyed; not that he had ever thought about human faces: he had only loved them, and lived upon their smiles. — "Gibbie wadna need to gang to h'aven," said Mysie, the baker's daughter, to her mother, one night as they walked home from a merry-making. "What for that, lassie?" returned her mother. "'Cause he wad be meeserable whaur there was nae drunk fowk," answered Mysie. And now it seemed to the poor, shocked, heart-wounded creature, as if the human face were just the one thing he could no more look upon. One haunted him, the black one, with the white, staring eyes, the mouth in its throat, and the white grinning teeth.

It was a cold, fresh morning, cloudy and changeful, towards the end of April. It had rained, and would rain again; it might snow. Heavy undefined clouds, with saffron breaks and borders, hung about the east, but what was going to happen there — at least he did not think;

he did not know east from west, and I doubt whether, although he had often seen the sun set, he had ever seen him rise. Yet even to him, city-creature as he was, it was plain *something* was going to happen there. And happen it did presently, and that with a splendor that for a moment blinded Gibbie. For just at the horizon there was a long horizontal slip of blue sky, and through that crack the topmost arc of the rising sun shot suddenly a thousand arrows of radiance into the brain of the boy. But the too-much light scorched there a blackness instantly; and to the soul of Gibbie it was the blackness of the room from which he had fled, and upon it out came the white eyeballs, and the brilliant teeth of his dead Sambo, and the red burst from his throat that answered the knife of the Malay. He shrieked, and struck with his hands against the sun from which came the terrible vision. Had he been a common child, his reason would have given way; but one result of the overflow of his love was, that he had never yet known fear for himself. His sweet confident face, innocent eyes, and caressing ways, had almost always drawn a response more or less in kind; and that certain some should not repel him, was a fuller response from them than gifts from others. Except now and then, rarely a street boy, a little bigger than himself, no one had ever hurt him, and the hurt upon these occasions had not gone very deep, for the child was brave and hardy. So now it was not fear, but the loss of old confidence, a sickness coming over the heart and brain of his love, that unnerved him. It was not the horrid cruelty to his friend, and his own grievous loss thereby, but the recoil of his loving endeavor that, jarring him out of every groove of thought, every socket of habit, every joint of action, cast him from the city, and made of him a wanderer indeed, not a wanderer in a strange country, but a wanderer in a strange world.

To no traveller could one land well be so different from another, as to Gibbie the country was from the town. He had seen bushes and trees before, but only over garden walls, or in one or two of the churchyards. He had looked from the quay across to the bare shore on the other side, with its sandy hills, and its tall light-house on the top of the great rocks that bordered the sea; but, so looking, he had beheld space as one looking from this world into the face of the moon, as a child looks upon vastness and possible dangers from his nurse's arms where it cannot

come near him; for houses backed the quay all along; the city was behind him, and spread forth her protecting arms. He had, once or twice, run out along the pier, which shot far into the immensity of the sea, like a causeway to another world—a stormy thread of granite beaten upon both sides by the waves of the German Ocean; but it was with the sea and not the country he then made the small acquaintance—and that not without terror. The sea was as different from the city as the air into which he looked up at night—too different to compare against it and feel the contrast: on neither could he set foot: in neither could he be required to live and act—as now in this waste of enterable and pervious extent.

Its own horror drove the vision away, and Gibbie saw the world again—saw, but did not love it. The sun seemed but to have looked up to mock him and go down again, for he had crossed the crack, and was behind a thick mass of cloud; a cold damp wind, spotted with sparkles of rain, blew fitfully from the east; the low bushes among which he sat, sent forth a chill sighing all about him as they sifted the wind into sound; the smell of the damp earth was strange to him—he did not know the freshness, the new birth of which it breathed; below him the gloomy river, here deep, smooth, moody, sullen, there puckered with the gray ripples of a shallow laughter under the cold breeze, went flowing heedless to the city. There only was—or had been, friendliness, comfort, home! This was emptiness—the abode of things, not beings. Yet never once did Gibbie think of returning to the city. He rose and wandered up the wide road along the river bank, farther and farther from it—his only guide the words of his father, "*Up Daurside*;" his sole comfort the feeling of having once more to do with his father so long departed, some relation still with the paradise of his old world. Along cultivated fields and copses on the one side, and on the other a steep descent to the river, covered here and there with trees, but mostly with rough grass and bushes and stones, he followed the king's highway. There were buttercups and plenty of daisies within his sight—primroses, too, on the slope beneath; but he did not know flowers, and his was not now the mood for discovering what they were. The exercise revived him, and he began to be hungry. But how could there be anything to eat in the desert, inhospitable succession of trees and fields and hedges, through which the road wound endlessly

along, like a dead street, having neither houses nor paving-stones? Hunger, however, was far less enfeebling to Gibbie than to one accustomed to regular meals, and he was in no anxiety about either when or what he should eat.

The morning advanced, and bye-and-by he began to meet a fellow-creature now and then upon the road; but at sight of every one a feeling rose in him such as he had never had towards human being before: they seemed somehow of a different kind from those in the town, and they did not look friendly as they passed. He did not know that he presented to them a very different countenance from that which his fellow-citizens had always seen him wear; for the mingled and conflicting emotions of his spirit had sent out upon it an expression which, accompanied by the misery of his garments, might well, to the superficial or inexperienced observer, convey the idea that he was a fugitive and guilty. He was so uncomfortable at length from the way the people he met scrutinized him that, when he saw any one coming, he would instantly turn aside and take the covert of thicket, or hedge or stone wall, until the bearer of eyes had passed. His accustomed trot, which he kept up for several hours, made him look the more suspicious; but his feet, hardened from very infancy as they were, soon found the difference between the smooth flags and the sharp stones of the road, and before noon he was walking at quite a sober, although still active pace. Doubtless it slackened the sooner that he knew no goal, no end to his wandering. *Up Daurside* was the one vague notion he had of his calling, his destiny, and with his short, quick step, his progress was considerable; he passed house after house, farm after farm; but, never in the way of asking for anything, though as little in the way of refusing, he went nearer none of them than the road led him. Besides, the houses were very unlike those in the city, and not at all attractive to him. He came at length to a field, sloping to the road, which was covered with leaves like some he had often seen in the market. They drew him; and as there was but a low and imperfect hedge between, he got over, and found it was a crop of small yellow turnips. He gathered as many as he could carry, and ate them as he went along. Happily no agricultural person encountered him for some distance, though Gibbie knew no special cause to congratulate himself upon that, having not the slightest conscience of offence in what he did.

His notions of property were all associated with well-known visible or neighboring owners, and in the city he would never have dreamed of touching anything that was not given him, except it lay plainly a lost thing. But here, where everything was so different and he saw none of the signs of ownership to which he was accustomed, the idea of property did not come to him; here everything looked lost, or in the same category with the chips and parings and crusts that were thrown out in the city, and became common property. Besides, the love which had hitherto rendered covetousness impossible, had here no object whose presence might have suggested a doubt, to supply in a measure the lack of knowledge: hunger, instead, was busy in his world. I trust there were few farmers along the road who would have found fault with him for taking one or two; but none, I suspect, would have liked to see him with all the turnips he could carry, eating them like a very rabbit: they were too near a city to look upon such a spectacle with indifference. Gibbie made no attempt to hide his spoil; whatever could have given birth to the sense that caution would be necessary, would have prevented him from taking it. While yet busy he came upon a little girl feeding a cow by the roadside. She saw how he ate the turnips, and offered him a bit of oatmeal bannock. He received it gladly, and with beaming eyes offered her a turnip. She refused it with some indignation. Gibbie, disappointed, but not ungrateful, resumed his tramp, eating his bannock. He came soon after to a little stream that ran into the great river. For a few moments he eyed it very doubtfully, thinking it must, like the kennels along the sides of the street, be far too dirty to drink of; but the way it sparkled and sang—most unscientific reasons—soon satisfied him, and he drank and was refreshed. He had still two turnips left, but, after the bannock, he did not seem to want them, and stowed them in the ends of the sleeves of his jacket, folded back into great cuffs.

All day the cold spring weather continued, with more of the past winter in it than of the coming summer. The sun would shine out for a few moments, with a gray, weary, old light, then retreat as if he had tried, but really could not. Once came a slight fall of snow, which, however, melted the moment it touched the earth. The wind kept blowing cheerlessly by fits, and the world seemed growing tired of the same thing over again so often. At

length the air began to grow dusk: then, first, fears of the darkness, to Gibbie utterly unknown before, and only born of the preceding night, began to make him aware of their existence in the human world. They seemed to rise up from his lonely heart; they seemed to descend upon him out of the thickening air; they seemed to catch at his breath, and gather behind him as he went. But, happily, before it was quite dark, and while he yet could distinguish between objects, he came to the gate of a farmyard; it waked in him the hope of finding some place where he could sleep warmer than in the road, and he clambered over it. Nearest of the buildings to the gate, stood an open shed, and he could see the shafts of carts projecting from it: perhaps in one of those carts or under it, he might find a place that would serve him to sleep in: he did not yet know what facilities for repose the country affords. But just as he entered the shed, he spied at the farther corner of it, outside, a wooden structure, like a small house, and through the arched door of it saw the floor covered with nice-looking straw. He suspected it to be a dog's kennel; and presently the chain lying beside it, with a collar at the end, satisfied him it was. The dog was absent, and it looked altogether enticing! He crept in, got under as much of the straw as he could heap over him, and fell fast asleep.

In a few minutes, as it seemed to him, he was roused by the great voice of a dog in conversation with a boy: the boy seemed, by the sound of the chain, to be fastening the collar on the dog's neck, and presently left him. The dog, which had been on the rampage the whole afternoon, immediately turned to creep in and rest till supper time, presenting to Gibbie, who had drawn himself up at the back of the kennel, the intelligent countenance of a large Newfoundland. Now Gibbie had been honored with the acquaintance of many dogs, and the friendship of most of them, for a lover of humanity can hardly fail to be a lover of caninity. Even among dogs, however, there are ungracious individuals, and Gibbie had once or twice been bitten by quadrupedal worshippers of the respectable. Hence, with the sight of the owner of the dwelling, it dawned upon him that he must be startled to find a stranger in his house, and might, regarding him as an intruder rather than a guest, worry him before he had time to explain himself. He darted forward therefore to get out, but had scarcely reached the door, when the dog put in his nose, ready to follow with

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all he was and had. Gibbie, thereupon, began a loud barking, as much as to say — "Here I am: please do nothing without reflection." The dog started back in extreme astonishment, his ears erect, and a keen look of question on his sagacious visage: what strange animal, speaking like, and yet so unlike an orthodox dog, could have got into his very chamber? Gibbie, amused at the dog's fright, and assured by his looks that he was both a good-natured and reasonable animal, burst into a fit of merry laughter as loud as his previous barking, and a good deal more musical. The dog evidently liked it better, and took it as a challenge to play: after a series of sharp bursts of barking, his eyes flashing straight in at the door, and his ears lifted up like two plumes on the top of them, he darted into the kennel, and began poking his nose into his visitor. Gibbie fell to patting and kissing and hugging him as if he had been a human — as who can tell but he was? — glad of any companion that belonged to the region of the light; and they were friends at once. Mankind had disappointed him, but here was a dog! Gibbie was not the one to refuse mercies which yet he would not have been content to pray for. Both were tired, however, for both had been active that day, and a few minutes of mingled wrestling and endearment, to which, perhaps, the narrowness of their play-bounds gave a speedier conclusion, contented both, after which they lay side by side in peace, Gibbie with his head on the dog's back, and the dog every now and then turning his head over his shoulder to lick Gibbie's face.

Again he was waked by approaching steps, and the same moment the dog darted from under him, and with much rattle out of the kennel, in front of which he stood and whined expectant. It was not quite dark, for the clouds had drifted away, and the stars were shining, so that, when he put out his head, he was able to see the dim form of a woman setting down a something before the dog, — into which he instantly plunged his nose, and began gobbling. The sound stirred up all the latent hunger in Gibbie, and he leaped out, eager to have a share. A large wooden bowl was on the ground, and the half of its contents of porridge and milk was already gone; for the poor dog had not yet had experience enough to be perfect in hospitality, and had forgotten his guest's wants in his own: it was plain that, if Gibbie was to have any he must lose no time in considering the means. Had he had a long nose and mouth all in one like him,

he would have plunged them in beside the dog's; but the flatness of his mouth causing the necessity, in the case of such an attempt, of bringing the whole of his face into contact with the food, there was not room in the dish for the two to feed together after the same fashion, so that he was driven to the sole other possible expedient, that of making a spoon of his hand. The dog neither growled nor pushed away the spoon, but instantly began to gobble twice as fast as before, and presently was licking the bottom of the dish. Gibbie's hand, therefore, made but few journeys to his mouth, but what it carried him was good food — better than any he had had that day. When all was gone he crept again into the kennel; the dog followed, and soon they were both fast asleep in each other's arms and legs.

Gibbie woke at sunrise and went out. His host came after him, and stood wagging his tail and looking wistfully up in his face. Gibbie understood him, and, as the sole return he could make for his hospitality, undid his collar. Instantly he rushed off, his back going like a serpent, cleared the gate at a bound, and scouring madly across a field, vanished from his sight; whereupon Gibbie too set out to continue his journey up Daurside.

This day was warmer; the spring had come a step nearer; the dog had been a comforter to him, and the horror had begun to assuage; he began to grow aware of the things about him, and to open his eyes to them. Once he saw a primrose in a little dell, and left the road to look at it. But as he went, he set his foot in the water of a chalybeate spring, which was trickling through the grass, and dyeing the ground red about it: filled with horror he fled, and for some time dared never go near a primrose. And still upon his right hand was the great river, flowing down towards the home he had left; now through low meadows, now through upshouldered fields of wheat and oats, now through rocky heights covered with the graceful silver-barked birch, the mountain ash, and the fir. Every time Gibbie, having lost sight of it by some turn of the road or some interposing eminence, caught its gleam afresh, his first feeling was that it was hurrying to the city, where the dead man lay, to tell where Gibbie was. Why he, who had from infancy done just as he pleased, should now have begun to dread interference with his liberty, he could not himself have told. Perhaps the fear was but the shadow of his new-born aversion to the place where he had seen those best-loved countenances

change so suddenly and terribly — cease to smile, but not cease to stare.

That second day he fared better, too, than the first; for he came on a family of mongrel gypsies, who fed him well out of their kettle, and, taken with his looks, thought to keep him for begging purposes. But now that Gibbie's confidence in human nature had been so rudely shaken, he had already begun, with analysis unconscious, to read the human countenance, questioning it; and he thought he saw something that would hurt, in the eyes of two of the men and one of the women. Therefore, in the middle of the night, he slipped silently out of the tent of rags, in which he had lain down with the gipsy children, and ere the mothers woke, was a mile up the river.

But I must not attempt the detail of this part of his journey. It is enough that he got through it. He met with some adventures, and suffered a good deal from hunger and cold. Had he not been hardy as well as fearless he must have died. But, now from this quarter, now from that, he got all that was needful for one of God's birds. Once he found in a hedge the nest of an errant and secretive hen, and recognizing the eggs as food authorized by the shop windows and market of the city, soon qualified himself to have an opinion of their worth. Another time he came upon a girl milking a cow in a shed, and his astonishment at the marvels of the process was such, that he forgot even the hunger that was rendering him faint. He had often seen cows in the city, but had never suspected what they were capable of. When the girl caught sight of him, staring with open mouth, she was taken with such a fit of laughter, that the cow, which was ill-tempered, kicked out and overturned the pail. Now because of her troublesomeness this cow was not milked beside the rest, and the shed where she stood was used for farm-implements only. The floor of it was the earth, beaten hard, and worn into hollows. When the milk settled in one of these, Gibbie saw that it was lost to the girl, and found to him: undeterred by the astounding nature of the spring from which he had just seen it flow, he threw himself down and drank like a calf. Her laughter ended, the girl was troubled: she would be scolded for her clumsiness in allowing Hawkie to kick over the pail, but the eagerness of the boy after the milk troubled her more. She told him to wait, and running to the house, returned with two large pieces of oatcake, which she gave him.

Thus, one way and another, food came to Gibbie. Drink was to be had in almost any hollow. Sleep was scattered everywhere over the world. For warmth, only motion and a seasoned skin were necessary: the latter Gibbie had; the former, already a habit learned in the streets, had now become almost a passion.

CHAPTER X.

THE BARN.

By this time Gibbie had got well up towards the roots of the hills of Gormgarret, and the river had dwindled greatly. He was no longer afraid of it, but would lie for hours listening to its murmurs over its pebbly bed, and sometimes even sleep in the hollows of its banks, or below the willows that overhung it. Every here and there, a brown rivulet from some peat-bog on a hill — brown and clear, like smoke-crystals molten together, flowed into it, and when he had lost it, guided him back to his guide. Farm after farm he passed, here one widely bordering a valley stream, there another stretching its skirts up the hillsides till they were lost in mere heather, where the sheep wandered about, cropping what stray grass-blades and other eatables they could find. Lower down he had passed through small towns and large villages: here farms and cottages, with an occasional country seat and little village of low thatched houses, made up the abodes of men. By this time he had become greatly reconciled to the loneliness of nature, and no more was afraid in her solitary presence.

At the same time his heart had begun to ache and long after the communion of his kind. For not once since he set out — and that seemed months where it was only weeks, had he had an opportunity of doing anything for anybody — except, indeed, unfastening the dog's collar; and not to be able to help was to Gibbie like being dead. Everybody, down to the dogs, had been doing for him, and what was to become of him! It was a state altogether of servitude into which he had fallen.

May had now set in, but up here among the hills she was May by courtesy only; or if she was May, she would never be Might. She was, indeed, only April, with her showers and sunshine, her tearful, childish laughter, and again the frown, and the despair irremediable. Nay, as if she still kept up a secret correspondence with her cousin March, banished for his rudeness, she would not very seldom shake from her

skirts a snow storm, and oftener the dancing hail. Then out would come the sun behind her, and laugh, and say — "I could not help *that* ; but here I am all the same, coming to you as fast as I can!" The green crops were growing darker, and the trees were all getting out their nets to catch carbon. The lambs were frolicking, and in sheltered places the flowers were turning the earth into a firmament. And now a mere daisy was enough to delight the heart of Gibbie. His joy in humanity so suddenly checked, and his thirst for it left unsated, he had begun to see the human look in the face of the commonest flowers, to love the trusting stare of the daisy, that gold-hearted boy, and the gentle despondency of the girl harebell, dreaming of her mother, the azure. The wind, of which he had scarce thought as he met it roaming the streets like himself, was now a friend of his solitude, bringing him sweet odors, alive with the souls of bees, and cooling with bliss the heat of the long walk. Even when it blew cold along the waste moss, waving the heads of the cotton-grass, the only live thing visible, it was a lover, and kissed him on the forehead. Not that Gibbie knew what a kiss was, any more than he knew about the souls of bees. He did not remember ever having been kissed. In that granite city, the women were not much given to kissing children, even their own, but if they had been, who of them would have thought of kissing Gibbie! The baker's wife, kind as she always was to him, would have thought it defilement to press her lips to those of the beggar child. And how is any child to thrive without kisses! The first caresses Gibbie ever knew as such, were given him by Mother Nature herself. It was only, however, by degrees, though indeed rapid degrees, that he became capable of them. In the first part of his journey he was stunned, stupid, lost in change, distracted between a suddenly vanished past, and a future slow dawning in the present. He felt little beyond hunger, and that vague urging up Daurside, with occasional shoots of pleasure from kindness, mostly of woman and dog. He was less shy of the country people by this time, but he did not care to seek them. He thought them not nearly so friendly and good as the town-people, forgetting that these knew him and those did not. To Gibbie an introduction was the last thing necessary for any one who wore a face, and he could not understand why they looked at him so.

Whatever is capable of aspiring, must be troubled that it may wake and aspire —

then troubled still, that it may hold fast, be itself, and aspire still.

One evening his path vanished between twilight and moonrise, and just as it became dark he found himself at a rough gate, through which he saw a field. There was a pretty tall hedge on each side of the gate, and he was now a sufficiently experienced traveller to conclude that he was not far from some human abode. He climbed the gate, and found himself in a field of clover. It was a splendid big bed, and even had the night not been warm, he would not have hesitated to sleep in it. He had never had a cold, and had as little fear for his health as for his life. He was hungry, it is true; but although food was doubtless more delicious to such hunger as his — that of the whole body, than it can be to the mere palate and culinary imagination of an epicure, it was not so necessary to him that he could not go to sleep without it. So down he lay in the clover, and was at once unconscious.

When he woke, the moon was high in the heavens, and had melted the veil of the darkness from a scene of still, well ordered comfort. A short distance from his couch, stood a little army of ricks, between twenty and thirty of them, constructed perfectly — smooth and upright and round and large, each with its conical top netted in with straw-rope, and finished off with what the herdboys called a *toupi-can* — a neatly tied and trim tuft of the straw with which it was thatched, answering to the stone-ball on the top of a gable. Like triangles their summits stood out against the pale blue, moon-diluted air. They were treasure-caves, hollowed out of space, and stored with the best of ammunition against the armies of hunger and want; but Gibbie, though he had seen many of them, did not know what they were. He had seen straw used for the bedding of cattle and horses, and supposed that the chief end of such ricks. Nor had he any clear idea that the cattle themselves were kept for any other object than to make them comfortable and happy. He had stood behind their houses in the dark, and heard them munching and grinding away even in the night. Probably the country was for the cattle, as the towns for the men; and that would explain why the country-people were so inferior. While he stood gazing, a wind arose behind the hills, and came blowing down some glen that opened northwards: Gibbie felt it cold, and sought the shelter of the ricks.

Great and solemn they looked as he drew nigh — near each other, yet enough

apart for plenty of air to flow and eddy between. Over a low wall of unmortared stones, he entered their ranks: above him, as he looked up from their broad base, they ascended huge as pyramids, and peopled the waste air with giant forms. How warm it was in the round-winding paths amongst the fruitful piles — toms these, no cenotaphs! He wandered about them, now in a dusky yellow gloom, and now in the cold blue moonlight, which they seemed to warm. At length he discovered that the huge things were flanked on one side by a long low house, in which there was a door, horizontally divided into two parts. Gibbie would fain have got in, to try whether the place was good for sleep; but he found both halves fast. In the lower half, however, he spied a hole, which, though not so large, reminded him of the entrance to the kennel of his dog-host; but alas! it had a door too, shut from the inside. There might be some way of opening it. He felt about, and soon discovered that it was a sliding valve, which he could push to either side. It was, in fact, the cat's door, specially constructed for her convenience of entrance and exit. For the cat is the guardian of the barn; the grain which tempts the rats and mice is no temptation to her; the rats and mice themselves are; upon them she executes justice, and remains herself an incorruptible, because untempted, therefore a respectable member of the farm-community — only the dairy door must be kept shut: that has no cat-wicket in it.

The hole was a small one, but tempting to the wee baronet: he might perhaps be able to squeeze himself through. He tried and succeeded, though with some little difficulty. The moon was there before him, shining through a pane or two of glass over the door, and by her light on the hard brown clay floor, Gibbie saw where he was, though if he had been told he was in the barn, he would neither have felt nor been at all the wiser. It was a very old-fashioned barn. About a third of it was floored with wood — dark with age — almost as brown as the clay — for threshing upon with flails. At that labor two men had been busy during the most of the preceding day, and that was how, in the same end of the barn, rose a great heap of oat-straw, showing in the light of the moon like a mound of pale gold. Had Gibbie had any education in the marvellous, he might now, in the midnight and moonlight, have well imagined himself in some treasure-house of the gnomes. What he saw in the other corner was still liker gold, and was indeed

greater than gold, for it was life — the heap, namely, of corn threshed from the straw: Gibbie recognized this as what he had seen given to horses. But now the temptation to sleep, with such facilities presented, was overpowering, and took from him all desire to examine further: he shot into the middle of the loose heap of straw, and vanished from the glimpses of the moon, burrowing like a mole. In the heart of the golden warmth, he lay so dry and comfortable that, notwithstanding his hunger had waked with him, he was presently in a faster sleep than before. And indeed what more luxurious bed, or what bed conducive to softer slumber, was there in the world to find!

"The moving moon went *down* the sky," the cold wind softened and grew still; the stars swelled out larger; the rats came, and then came puss, and the rats went with a scuffle and squatter; the pagan gray came in like a sleep-walker, and made the barn dreary as a dull dream; then the horses began to fidget with their big feet, the cattle to low with their great trombone throats, and the cocks to crow as if to give warning for the last time against the devil, the world, and the flesh; the men in the adjoining chamber woke, yawned, stretched themselves mightily, and rose; the god-like sun rose after them, and, entering the barn with them, drove out the gray; and through it all the orphan lay warm in God's keeping and his nest of straw, like the butterfly of a huge chrysalis.

When at length Gibbie became once more aware of existence, it was through a stormy invasion of the still realm of sleep: the blows of two flails fell persistent and quick-following, first on the thick head of the sheaf of oats untied and cast down before them, then grew louder and more deafening as the oats flew and the chaff fluttered, and the straw flattened and broke and thinned and spread — until at last they thundered in great hard blows on the wooden floor. It was the first of these last blows that shook Gibbie awake. What they were or indicated he could not tell. He wormed himself softly round in the straw to look out and see.

Now whether it was that sleep was yet heavy upon him, and bewildered his eyes, or that his imagination had in dreams been busy with foregone horrors, I cannot tell; but, as he peered through the meshes of the crossing and blinding straws, what he seemed to see was the body of an old man with dishevelled hair, whom, prostrate on the ground, they were beating to death with great sticks. His tongue clave to the

roof of his mouth, not a sound could he utter, not a finger could he move; he had no choice but to lie still, and witness the fierce enormity. But it is good that we are compelled to see some things, life amongst the rest, to what we call the end of them. By degrees Gibbie's sight cleared; the old man faded away; and what was left of him he could see to be only an armful of straw. The next sheaf they threw down, he perceived, under their blows, the corn flying out of it, and began to understand a little. When it was finished, the corn that had flown dancing from its home, like hail from its cloud, was swept aside to the common heap, and the straw tossed up on the mound that harbored Gibbie. It was well that the man with the pitchfork did not spy his eyes peering out from the midst of the straw: he might have taken him for some wild creature, and driven the prongs into him. As it was, Gibbie did not altogether like the look of him, and lay still as a stone. Then another sheaf was unbound and cast on the floor, and the blows of the flails began again. It went on thus for an hour and a half, and Gibbie, although he dropped asleep several times, was nearly stupid with the noise. The men at length, however, swept up the corn and tossed up the straw for the last time, and went out. Gibbie, judging by his own desires, thought they must have gone to eat, but did not follow them, having generally been ordered away the moment he was seen in a farm-yard. He crept out, however, and began to look about him — first of all for something he could eat. The oats looked the most likely, and he took a mouthful for a trial. He ground at them severely, but hungry as he was, he failed to find oats good for food. Their hard husks, their dryness, their instability, all slipping past each other at every attempt to crush them with his teeth, together foiled him utterly. He must search farther. Looking round him afresh, he saw an open loft, and climbing on the heap in which he had slept, managed to reach it. It was at the height of the walls, and the couples of the roof rose immediately from it. At the farther end was a heap of hay, which he took for another kind of straw. Then he spied something he knew: a row of cheeses lay on a shelf suspended from the rafters, ripening. Gibbie knew them well from the shop windows — knew they were cheeses, and good to eat, though whence and how they came he did not know, his impression being that they grew in the fields like the turnips. He had still the

notion uncorrected, that things in the country belonged to nobody in particular, and were mostly for the use of animals, with which, since he became a wanderer, he had almost come to class himself. He was very hungry. He pounced upon a cheese and lifted it between his two hands: it smelled good, but felt very hard. That was no matter: what else were teeth made strong and sharp for? He tried them on one of the round edges, and, nibbling actively, soon got through to the softer body of the cheese. But he had not got much farther when he heard the men returning, and desisted, afraid of being discovered by the noise he made. The readiest way to conceal himself was to lie down flat on the loft, and he did so just where he could see the threshing-floor over the edge of it by lifting his head. This, however, he scarcely ventured to do; and all he could see as he lay was the tip of the swing-bar of one of the flails, ever as it reached the highest point of its ascent. But to watch for it very soon ceased to be interesting; and although he had eaten so little of the cheese, it had yet been enough to make him dreadfully thirsty, therefore he greatly desired to get away. But he dared not go down: with their sticks those men might knock him over in a moment! So he lay there thinking of the poor little hedgehog he had seen on the road as he came; how he stood watching it, and wishing he had a suit made all of great pins, which he could set up when he pleased; and how the driver of a cart, catching sight of him at the foot of the hedge, gave him a blow with his whip, and, poor fellow! notwithstanding his clothes of pins, that one blow of a whip was too much for him! There seemed nothing in the world but killing!

At length he could, unoccupied with something else, bear his thirst no longer, and, squirming round on the floor, crept softly towards the other end of the loft, to see what was to be seen there.

He found that the heap of hay was not in the loft at all. It filled a small chamber in the stable, in fact; and when Gibbie clambered upon it, what should he see below him on the other side, but a beautiful white horse, eating some of the same sort of stuff he was now lying upon! Beyond he could see the backs of more horses, but they were very different — big and clumsy, and not white. They were all eating, and this was their food on which he lay! He wished he too could eat it — and tried, but found it even less satisfactory than the oats, for it nearly choked

him, and set him coughing so that he was in considerable danger of betraying his presence to the men in the barn. How did the horses manage to get such dry stuff down their throats? But the cheese was dry too, and he could eat that! No doubt the cheese, as well as the fine straw, was there for the horses! He would like to see the beautiful white creature down there eat a bit of it; but with all his big teeth he did not think he could manage a whole cheese, and how to get a piece broken off for him, with those men there, he could not devise. It would want a long-handled hammer like those with which he had seen men breaking stones on the road.

A door opened beyond, and a man came in and led two of the horses out, leaving the door open. Gibbie clambered down from the top of the hay into the stall beside the white horse, and ran out. He was almost in the fields, had not even a fence to cross. He cast a glance around, and went straight for a neighboring hollow, where, taught by experience, he hoped to find water.

From The Nineteenth Century.
FAITH AND VERIFICATION.

"An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign."

IN my former essays on the religious question of the day, what I have tried to make evident has been this: I have tried to make evident that to all moral life, religion — a belief in God — is essential; and that to all human culture, to all that gives our existence either zest or dignity, a belief in the moral life is essential. I am now going to approach the subject from a somewhat different point, and I conceive myself to be addressing a somewhat different audience. My arguments hitherto have been addressed to those who deny not only that religion is true, but also that it is useful; to men who look on it as a piece of antique lumber — a machine that may have done some good work in its time, but which at its best was inadequate and clumsy, and which now is broken; which the world must put away, and let its place be taken by a more efficient substitute. That religion might be broken I did not attempt to deny. I contended merely that, if it were, its loss was incalculable, and that no substitute could be found for it. *Now* I am addressing those with whom no such contention is necessary. Neither of these

conclusions need be forced upon such, for they admit both already; and they admit this further, which I did not admit — not only that if religion went it would leave them desolate, but that it actually has gone, and that it actually has so left them.

This class is fully as important as the other; and though it is more silent, it is probably far larger; it is certainly making more converts; at some times it embraces the very men who at other times are most opposed to it; it is a desolate, dismal class, one of the ghastliest of the time's phenomena; and it seems every day to be increasing. To the best of my knowledge I am not speaking at random. Let a man have watchful eyes, and a wish to observe beneath the surface; let him mix in any society beyond that of a single set, and he will see the signs all round him of a state of things like this. It is said that in tropical forests one can almost hear the vegetation growing. One may almost say that with us one can hear faith decaying.

Within a certain limited circle there is nothing new in this. The causes of this decay have been maturing for three hundred years, and their effects prophesied for fifty; indeed, not prophesied only, but in some degree accomplished. But what is only now beginning is their general action. Hitherto they have influenced few except the professed *thinkers*. Now their work is beginning on the mass of lay humanity, whose various powers of thinking may be great or small, but whose special occupation is not thought. We must all of us know this; we can all of us see it. What I have said has been only a general statement, but particular examples of the truth of it must come thick to all of us. Let us compare our friends of to-day with our friends of five years since, and note from how many of them the hold of religion, which was then hardly loosening, is now altogether loosened. The influences of unbelief are breathing everywhere, like a wind in a lighted garden. It makes but little noise, and we might hardly know that it was a wind at all, if the lamps were not all flickering, and so many of them expiring fitfully.

Now what I say is, that this loss of faith, complete as it may be, is a thing bitterly regretted by many, who are most ready to own to it. They may often sneer at faith, and say it will never come back to them; and this bitterness against it may often seem a sign of their being glad to be rid of it. But it is as the bitterness of a woman against her lover, which has not been the cause of her deserting him, but which has

been occasioned by his deserting her. To men in a condition like this, a strange blankness has come over human life. They may hear others vociferating that it is solemn; they feel quietly that it is only sad. It is not serious, it is only not amusing. The state of mind and its prevalence is very apt to be overlooked, because it is not a state of mind that, in common intercourse, readily finds utterance. Indeed not this only, but in common intercourse it tends for the time to disappear. People cannot be always exclaiming in drawing-rooms that they have lost their Lord; and the fact may be temporarily forgotten because they have lost their portmanteau. All serious reflections are like reflections in water. A pebble will disturb them for a moment, and make a dull pond sparkle. But the sparkle dies, and the reflection comes again. And there are many about us, though they never confess their pain, and perhaps themselves hardly like to dwell on it, whose hearts are aching for the God that they no longer can believe in. Their lonely hours, between the intervals of gaiety, are passed with barren and sombre thoughts; and a cry rises to their lips, but never passes them.

Amongst such a class the most unlikely people may at times be found, or at least they may be found with leanings that would soon bring them to belong to it. Thus Professor Clifford, one of the most jubilant of our atheistic essayists, has admitted that theism, under certain forms, might ennoble and comfort man; and such faith as that of Charles Kingsley's has awakened his deepest reverence. An example more important still is that of Professor Huxley. Whilst denying with the most unbending and gravest severity any right to man to any positive faith, he yet admits that were such a faith permissible it would be a welcome and a grateful thing. "The lover of moral beauty," he says, "struggling through a world of sorrow and sin, is surely as much the stronger for believing that sooner or later a vision of perfect peace and goodness will burst upon him, as the toiler up a mountain for the belief that beyond crag and snow lie home and rest." And he adds that, could a faith like what he here indicates be but placed upon a firm basis, mankind would cling to it as "tenaciously as ever drowning sailor did to a hencoop." But all these feelings are of no avail. The wish to believe is there; but the belief is as far off as ever. There is a power in the air around us by which faith seems paralyzed. Our intellect, we think, has

acquired a new vigor, and a clearer vision; but the result of its growth is, with many, to have made it an incubus; and it lies upon all their deepest hopes and wishes

like a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life.

It is to men and women in this state that I now conceive myself to be speaking; and I wish to do them a service that they very rarely do for themselves. The whole intellect, the whole ordered thought of the world, is fatal, they feel keenly, to their dearest hopes and wishes. But the reasons why it is fatal they only understand vaguely. They do not sort them and appraise them, and look them fairly in the face. To do this is an easy task, and yet beyond measure a useful one. It is the task, indeed, humble and important, that I have now before me. From the very nature of the case I shall say nothing that is novel. I shall merely be uncoiling a few threads that we trip on every day in a state of tangle.

The objections to religion are of two distinct kinds — scientific and moral. An instance of the first is the following (used in this exact form by Professor Clifford), that, all consciousness being connected with a brain, there can be no God unless the universe is one single brain in itself. An instance of the second is, that, human misery being so plain and so vast a fact, the world cannot possibly have any all-powerful governor, who is willing and able to do his best for it.

I propose to deal with these two sets of objections in two separate papers; and I shall try, as far as possible, to confine myself to one single point — not to showing men that they must believe, but that, granting certain points which I presuppose granted, by every rule of reason, they may.

The scientific objections to religion are so many in number, and many of them of so complex a nature, that it would seem they could hardly, in any legitimate way, appeal to so large a class as are undoubtedly affected by them. And to a certain extent their power operates indirectly. The achievements of positive science have given to its greater masters a strange and unexampled pre-eminence. Their obscure researches into the natural order have led them to a very clear rejection of a belief in the supernatural; and the rest of the world has felt itself moved by their conclusions, independently of its assimilation of their premisses. But this is far from being the whole account of the case. The unscientific world, for all practical purposes,

knows far more of science than one might at first expect it would. In the common sense of mankind there is a sort of œcumenical infallibility that at once detects the real bearing of facts. The facts are as food to their minds. They may not be able to find or to prepare the food; they may even be unable to distinguish the taste of it; but, how or why they know not, they can and they do digest it. And from all the facts that science has laid before them, they have concentrated and assimilated this great essential fact—that, of design, of government, of creation, the universe can afford no proof. Some say indeed, it can afford a disproof; but this, with the mass of men, has little weight. They perceive instinctively that this is to go too far. The result, however, is not in the least affected. Failure to find proof is indirectly equal to success in finding disproof. Granting, says Professor Huxley, that a religious creed would be beneficial,

my next step is to ask for a *proof* of the dogma. If this proof is forthcoming, it is my conviction that no drowning sailor ever clutched a hencoop more tenaciously than mankind will hold by such a dogma, whatever it may be. *But if not*, then I verily believe that the human race will go its own evil way; and my only consolation lies in the reflection that, however bad our posterity may become, so long as they hold by the plain rule of not pretending to believe what they see no reason to believe, because it may be to their advantage so to pretend, they will not have reached the lowest depths of immorality.

And such is the language of the majority of those I am now addressing. Ask any one oppressed and embittered by the want of faith, the reason why he does not again embrace it, and the reason will still be this—that there is no proof that it is true. In the *Fortnightly Review* for this last September, Mr. Leslie Stephen has said the same thing with a new vehemence; and the beliefs of men, according as we can prove or not prove them, he has classified passionately into realities and empty dreams. A few sentences of his will be worth quoting, as, though he himself does apparently not long for any religious comfort, his arguments are precisely the ones that oppress those who do. "Now," he exclaims to the generation round him, "at last, your creed is decaying. People have discovered that you know nothing about it; that heaven and hell belong to dreamland; that the impertinent young curate who tells me that I shall be burnt everlastingly for not sharing his superstition, is

just as ignorant as I myself, and that I know as much as my dog." Again, he says, "The ignorant and the childish are hopelessly unable to draw the line between dreamland and reality; but the imagery which takes its rise in the imagination, as distinguished from the perceptions, bears indelible traces of its origin in comparative unsubstantiality and vagueness of outline." And Mr. Stephen's simile, within certain limits, is one of perfect accuracy. It is this that the world is coming now to see; it is this distinction that it is learning so fast to make. What men do feel now is that they are in some sense awakening: they are learning to test the difference between facts and dreams. And the test, the infallible test, is the possibility of proofs.

The meaning of the word proof by itself may perhaps be somewhat hazy, but the meaning that positive science attaches to it is plain enough. A fact only is proved when the evidence that it rests upon can leave us no room for doubt; when it cannot be denied without absurdity; when it becomes a necessity of the reason that we give our full assent to it. This is the positive doctrine of which we hear most now. Mr. Stephen, as we have seen, conceives it to be changing the whole face of things.

The matter thus, however, is only half stated. Taken by itself this doctrine could have no effect whatever; indeed it would amount to nothing but a verbal proposition. The real power of it lies in the suppressed premiss, that nothing is true that is not susceptible of proof; or, at any rate, that no one has any right to proclaim it as true. This is the fulcrum of the modern intellectual lever; and to fix this firmly in the human mind has been the great aim of science, so far as its aim has had any beyond a commercial and manufacturing value. But the work has proved far more arduous than one might have thought it would have been. To set this fulcrum on a sure foundation is the hardest task of all intellectual engineering. The foundation once secure, the rest is comparatively easy. But the human mind is a sand-bank, and positive science has had to drive endless piles into it, before its engines could have any thing firm to stand on; and nothing really firm has been come to even yet. The foundation, as it now stands, will bear a certain strain, but a certain only. Load it but a little too heavily, and it sinks and is swallowed up in an instant. In other words, the hardest of all beliefs to fix in men's minds is this cardinal axiom of the world's present philosophy, that nothing is

surely true but what cannot rationally be doubted; or, to put the matter in Mr. Stephen's language, that dreams of some sort are not more real than realities.

Mr. Stephen can be shown, out of the very paper I allude to, to be an example of this fact himself; and if without offence I may compare him to a fabulous being that children once used to believe in, his position is exactly that of Satan trying to cast out Satan. And such is not his position only, but the position of every positive thinker who has treated human life as though there were morally a right and a wrong in it, and as though morally it were worth being influenced at all. My aim in this paper is a simple and a single one. It is to show that, judged by the daily life of any earnest person, by the very intellectual air he breathes and desires to continue to breathe, the great scientific axiom is an utterly false one; that so far from being true, it is in diametrical opposition to truth; and that if we will only test by reason our own beliefs, each one of us who can in any sense be said to be moral, or to be acting upon any fixed principles whatsoever, will find that so far from proof being the test of all that we hold true, it is only the meanest, the most subordinate truths that are capable of being proved at all; and that there is no belief that gives life any human value that cannot be doubted or contradicted without absurdity, and that has not been doubted and contradicted continually throughout all the world's history.

By way of prelude to what I am going to say, let me ask any positive thinker, such as Professor Huxley, this question. He supposes, at least for argument's sake, that a belief in God might be desirable. But, granted this, he goes on, his next step is to ask for some proof of the truth of it. Now I ask Professor Huxley, or any one else in Professor Huxley's position, what sort of proof it is that he would require to find? What image has he in his mind when he speaks like this? Would his proof be a piece of litmus paper, taking various unexplained colors, in answer to his prayers? or would it be any thing at all of that nature? Such a miracle in the world of matter can hardly be what he looks for, because he starts with assuming that such a miracle is an impossibility. And human evidence is so very fallible, and the human senses are so very subject to hallucinations, that unless a man has strong *a priori* reasons for a belief in miracles, it is hardly fair to expect him to believe in one, not only when others re-

port the truth of it, but even when his own senses may seem to do so likewise. I defy any one in Professor Huxley's position to name any thinkable proof of the truth of any supernatural fact, using the word *proof* with the meaning he professes to give to it. He would not be persuaded, nor indeed logically could he be, even should one rise to him from the dead.

Let us now consider the matter step by step. The world once thought that there were two orders of things, the one material, and the other immaterial, of which the most familiar examples were the human soul and body. The highest generalizations of modern science are denials of this dualism; and all its countless details are significant mainly as supporting them. Things are due, it tells us, not to a formless matter and a forming mind; but to a formless matter that, of necessity, has taken form itself. And everything, under a certain aspect, would seem to point this way. Professor Tyndall has said, with perfect justice, that were not man and his destinies involved, we should all long ago have accepted the doctrine of evolution, and the full sufficiency of materialism. So, doubtless, we should have done. Our chief difficulty would in that case be removed; and we should do many things if they were not difficult. Professor Tyndall has hit the right nail on the head. Let us, to begin at the beginning, take the material world by itself, and put conscious life altogether out of the question. The doctrine of evolution, as applied to this, could be accepted by our minds immediately, without the least intellectual difficulty. It would only be a question of evidence; and the evidence that is by this time in our possession would be quite enough to convince us. Long, however, before we come to human destinies, there is one fact which startles us. That fact is consciousness. At a certain stage of its development matter becomes, as it were, two-sided. How to account for this phenomenon science frankly says is hopeless. We do not even possess the rudiment of an organ by which it is conceivable that we could do so. So says Professor Tyndall; and so has said every man of science who has had the least tincture of philosophy, I might almost say the least tincture of education.

This eternal and insuperable gap in our knowledge has been a stumbling-block to some physicists, but to many more a refuge. Here, in "this interspace of world and world," or, rather, of side and side, they think they have found room for man's

spiritual nature to expand in—a free and open sky that the ideal may still blossom under. If any one taxes them with making the universe a dull machine, and of explaining everything at the expense of denying everything that is worth explaining, they retort that they too have their mystery as well as their opponents, and a mystery the depth of which they alone can duly appreciate. Profess to explain everything! exclaims Professor Tyndall. Far from it, we profess to explain nothing: “the molecular groupings and motions” of the materialist “in reality *explain* nothing.” See—we not only admit the existence of a mystery, but we do all we can to parade it.

In reality, however, the whole of this kind of talk is useless. The mystery in question is essentially a barren one. It can afford no nourishment to anything that is spiritual or ideal in us. It is not an open window in life, through which an air can blow to us out of an unfathomable distance. It is simply a walled chamber in life, which we can walk all round, but which we can never break into. Or a more apt illustration of the matter will, perhaps, be this. Physical processes and the facts of consciousness may be compared to a sheet of blotting-paper, either side of which we can look at singly, but which, by the very nature of our sight, we can never look at both at the same time. The crowning doctrine of the scientific pyramid, we must recollect, is this: every mental fact has a functional relation to some molecular fact; in other words, mind is inseparable from matter; it is, indeed, the same phenomenon, only regarded from different quarters. But for this, the old dualism, now supposed to be obsolete, would be entirely undisturbed. Indeed, if this doctrine were denied, such a dualism would be the only alternative. To return again, then, to the simile of the sheet of blotting-paper, let us imagine one side of it mechanically spluttered over by a little wheel turning round in an ink-pot. That will represent consciousness, when approached from its physical side. Let us imagine that to the other side of the paper some of the splutterings have soaked through, and taken the form of words or letters. That will represent consciousness, when approached from its mental side.

If such be the connection between the two, one important fact will at once become evident. Matter existed and fermented long before the evolution of mind. One side of the blotting-paper had been spluttered for countless ages, before any

ink soaked through, or took the form of writing, on the other. Mental facts are, therefore, essentially dependent on molecular facts; molecular facts are not dependent on mental. They may seem to be so; but this is only a delusion. They are as much the outcome of molecular groupings and movements as the figures in a kaleidoscope are of the groupings and movements of the colored bits of glass. They are things entirely by the way; and they can as little be considered links in any chain of causes as can one figure in a kaleidoscope be called the cause of the figure that succeeds it.

This conclusion is so distasteful to most men that but few of them can be brought to face it. Their intellects start aside from it, shying like startled horses, and go galloping aimlessly away along any track leading in an opposite direction. And yet, as Professor Tyndall says of another doctrine, “were not man’s origin implicated, we should accept it without a murmur. . . . The conclusion of pure intellect points this way and no other. But this purity is troubled by our interests. . . . Reason is traversed by the emotions.”

A very luminous illustration of this has been given in the *Nineteenth Century*. It will be remembered that some time since there was a discussion in its pages on “The Soul and Future Life,” suggested by some writings of Mr. Frederic Harrison. To that discussion Professor Huxley contributed a paper; and to that paper Mr. Harrison made a special reply, in which he charged Professor Huxley with holding a low form of materialism, and claimed for himself a doctrine that was essentially opposed to it. Professor Huxley spoke of how “the religious feelings might be brought within the range of physiological inquiry;” and of how the production of “The Priest in Absolution” might be due to “a diseased viscus” in the author of it. In these sentences Mr. Harrison found an epitome of modern materialism, and he set himself with all his vigor to show that they were false and mischievous. “We both agree,” says Mr. Harrison, “that every mental and moral fact is in functional relation with some molecular fact. So far we are entirely on the same side as against all forms of theological and metaphysical doctrine, which conceive the possibility of human feeling without a human body. But then, says Professor Huxley, if I can trace the molecular facts, which are the antecedents of the mental and moral facts, I have *explained* the mental and moral facts. That I deny.” And he

adds, that to ask "how the religious feelings may be brought within the range of physiological inquiry," is about as sane as to ask, "what barometrical readings are responsible for the English constitution." Some connection, he admits, there is between the two — the constitution and the climate; indeed, it is one of his primary dogmas that "all human things depend on . . . the general laws of the solar system." But Professor Huxley's method, none the less, is a false, futile, and degrading one; and its fault lies in this, not that "it confuses moral with physical phenomena," but that "it exaggerates the physical side of moral phenomena."

Now, if we try to get at the bottom of Mr. Harrison's state of mind, we shall see that he is laboring unconsciously with two meanings; one of which is something true, but trivial, and the other of supreme importance, but inconsistent with his own premisses. It is only to the trivial meaning that he has any logical right; and we will examine that first.

It will be found to amount to nothing more than this — that Professor Huxley talks, as conceivable, of a state of knowledge which is practically not attainable; and that in so talking he is talking rather idly. According to Mr. Harrison's own premisses, every mental fact has its exact molecular counterpart, and is able conceivably to be expressed in terms of molecules. But the molecular facts are so minute, so many, and so intricate, and their connection with other molecular facts is at once so infinite and so infinitesimal, that we must despair of ever describing them completely enough to be of any use to us. Let our vision become as keen as it is ever likely to be, the physical side of consciousness will be still a perplexity to it. It will be as the wrong side of a piece of tapestry — nothing but a dim confusion of canvas, threads, and colors. It is the other side alone which it will bring us any profit to look at. If Mr. Harrison, however, will consider his own position, he will see that, in the case of consciousness, to approach it in this way is nothing better than a *pisaller*. In the tapestry, the under side is the by-result of the upper. In consciousness the upper side is the by-result of the under. If all human things depend on the laws of the solar system, it will at once be seen that this must be so. Consciousness has been the result of those laws; those laws have not been the result of consciousness.

We may compare a fact of consciousness to a cannon made at billiards; and

Professor Huxley would seek to explain the cannon by the laws of motion and the particular stroke of the cue. This, were it practicable, would surely be the right way of proceeding; but Mr. Harrison calls it absurd and wrong. That there is some fault in it is true enough; but Mr. Harrison calls it by the wrong name. The fault is simply that it is a difficult method, not that it is an absurd one.

The simile of the billiard balls will be of much further use to us. Let us suppose six billiard balls to represent a human brain, and the various figures that these balls could assume to represent the various changes attendant on the man's various feelings. Let us take such a man as Mr. Harrison would most admire — a humanitarian enthusiast; and let us imagine him in a crisis of his life when some selfish desire, such as that of a good dinner, was contending with an unselfish desire, such as that of giving a lecture on positivism. At first he is about to yield to the low desire for his dinner. There is a struggle in him. Suddenly his face flushes with the light of a high resolve. The unselfish desires have conquered, and he goes fasting and heroic to the delivery of his lecture.

Such is the aspect of the event as viewed from Mr. Harrison's standpoint. But what is its aspect when viewed from the other side? The six billiard balls have simply changed their places. When they corresponded to the selfish impulse, they formed, let us say, an oval; when they correspond to the unselfish impulse, they formed themselves, let us say, into a circle. What is the cause of this change? Clearly a certain impetus imparted to the balls. The question is, what imparted it? Now, according to Mr. Harrison's hypothesis, the balls were cannoning and dashing about the board long before they so arranged themselves as to correspond to any fact of consciousness; when they were so dashing they dashed in obedience to certain fixed laws — such laws, to put the matter again into Mr. Harrison's language, as "the general laws of the solar system;" and the entire sum and substance of his intellectual position is nothing more than this — that the balls combine so as to equal consciousness, by exactly the same laws they combined by when they did not equal it. It is plain then that as soon as the first stroke was given to them, their entire future history was virtually decided; and that every combination they could ever form into could be foreseen, with sufficient knowl-

edge, at the moment of the stroke. Were our knowledge extended in degree simply, and not in kind, the question derived by Mr. Harrison would be a perfectly proper one — by what barometrical readings can we explain the British constitution? Mr. Harrison says much about the word *explaining*; but his language makes me doubt a little in what sense he uses it. I use it in this: I say that one fact *explains* another when, with a full knowledge of the former, we can infallibly predict the latter; and using the word in this sense, it is perfectly true to say, not only that would a full knowledge of our climate lead to a full knowledge of our constitution, but that a full knowledge of any single square inch of the universe would lead to a full knowledge of every other inch of it. If there be but one set of laws at work everywhere, nothing that is could be otherwise than as it is. If human things depend on the general laws of the solar system, had Saturn one moon less, the course of English history would have, in some degree, been different; and the extinction of a crater in the moon would contain the history in it of the death of Christ on the cross. Mr. Harrison complains that Professor Huxley *exaggerates* the physical side of moral phenomena. But how, on his principles, is it possible to exaggerate the physical side? Take the entire universe — take even the solar system, on whose general laws all our moral phenomena are dependent, and what are all our moral phenomena when compared to that? Is not the organism dwarfed by its vast environment, from the depth of which all its powers are drawn, to the depth of which all its powers will return, and of which it is itself but a part — a fragment? All then that logically Mr. Harrison can mean by his fierce reproof to Professor Huxley is, that when he speaks of a state of knowledge as conceivable, he forgets to observe at the same time that it is practically unattainable; although by the admissions of both of them it is the state to which we are getting nearer and nearer, although we never actually reach it.

But though this is all that Mr. Harrison can mean logically, it is but a very small part of what he does mean actually. His eloquence and his indignation have some really serious content, not only different from this, but diametrically opposed to it. What he is really urging on Professor Huxley is the utter inadequacy of his own premisses; and he is virtually fighting his duel in the oriental fashion, by putting an intellectual end to himself. He comes for-

ward, he says, as a denier and a denouncer of all such theological and metaphysical figments as the existence of a soul apart from a body, or the possibility of any thought or emotion but what is the reverse side of some molecular fact. But what his eloquence really means, is the exact opposite of this. It is a passionate proclamation of the dualism that he conceives himself to be denouncing. "Man is one," he says, "however complex." What he means is that man is complex, however one. Unless he means this, he agrees with Professor Huxley. There is no alternative.

Let us return to our simile of the billiard balls, and we shall see the case more plainly. We have imagined six balls in motion to have grouped themselves for a moment into an oval, and the oval then to have changed shape to a circle. And that change of shape we took to be the physical counterpart of some great moral crisis. Now the balls, we must remember, were in motion, before they corresponded to anything moral at all: a player, we will say, gave them a chance hit with a cue. Professor Huxley says that the change of the oval to the circle can be explained by a knowledge of that hit, combined with a knowledge of the laws of motion. "That," says Mr. Harrison, "is the thing that I deny." But if he denies it, what does he affirm in its stead? When the oval changes to the circle, what new force have we to take account of? Either the balls go on moving by exactly the same laws they have always moved by, and are in the grasp of the same invincible necessity, or else some new and disturbing force has begun to act upon them. Mr. Harrison speaks of consciousness as if it were such a force — a new factor with which we have to reckon. But if consciousness is inseparable from matter, how can it be? Do our billiard balls, when so grouped as to represent consciousness, generate some new motive power, distinct from and often stronger than the original impetus? Clearly no scientific thinker can admit this. To do so would undermine the entire fabric of science. All its highest generalizations would be wrong; and we should again think that it was possible to construct a perpetual motion.

This then, it is plain, cannot be Mr. Harrison's meaning. But if not this, what can it be? There is only one alternative, and that is that unconsciously he postulates a second player — a second cue tampering with the billiard balls, or even more than this — a second hand taking them up,

and arranging them arbitrarily in certain figures. Mr. Harrison is on the horns of a dilemma. The mind or spirit is either arranged entirely by the molecules it is connected with, or the molecules it is connected with are arranged, at least partially, by the mind or spirit. Mr. Harrison rejects the former theory: he must accept the latter. The mind in that case is a disturbing element. Since nature is uniform, then this disturbing element must be something supernatural; and we are brought back again to the old religious dualism. The mind or spirit is a something self-existent; known to us only through its action upon matter, but essentially not tied to matter, any more than the hand that interferes with the billiard balls is tied to the billiard balls. Once condemn materialism as Mr. Harrison condemns it, and in this condemnation is to be found the affirmation of *will*. Once affirm will, and you affirm a dualism — you affirm a self-existent, supernatural order — that is, an order of things of which *ex hypothesi* no natural proof can be given, because *ex hypothesi* it lies quite beyond the region of nature. The mere facts of the case we can explain on either hypothesis. Which we adopt must depend entirely on the value we attach to the facts. We may consider them as a series of mere phenomena, which hitherto we have misinterpreted. There is nothing to compel us to fall down and worship them. But once let us do this, once let us speak of moral responsibility, and exalt things spiritual above and beyond things physical, and we are constrained by reason to affirm a supernatural force — a self-existent will. We are renegades to the faith that proof is the test of truth. The foundation-stone of our creed becomes a dogma that cannot be verified.

I have dwelt thus long on a dispute between two particular writers, because they are both men of very singular ability, and their dispute contains the pith of the great dispute of the age. And now let us look round at that age, and see something of what its moral condition is. In many places, it is true, materialism is beginning to do its logical work; but that, in England at least, is amongst those who are taught the gospel, rather than amongst those who teach it. Our leaders of scientific thought are men full of lofty instincts and sure principles. Professor Huxley perpetually is speaking of moral beauty, of sin, and the highest good; and whenever his materialism might teach him any practical lessons, he is to the full as false to it as Mr. Harrison himself. Mr. Leslie

Stephen is another case in point. I have noticed his late distinction between *dreams* and *realities*. But in the very paper in which he puts this distinction forward, his one inspiring principle has been what on his own showing is a dream. Not only is his whole paper colored by such ethical epithets as *low*, and *lofty*, and even *sacred*, but he implies at the end that the love of truth for truth's sake is the one principle that is really worthy of man. His closing paragraph is an accumulation of grim taunts against the dreamers, and the bitterest of all these is this. "The sentiment," he says, "which he (the dreamer) most thoroughly hates and misunderstands is the love of truth for its own sake. He cannot conceive why any man should attack a lie, simply because it is a lie." Mr. Stephen is wrong. That is exactly what the dreamer can do, and no one else but he; and Mr. Stephen is himself a dreamer, when he writes and feels like this. Why, let me ask him, should the truth be loved? The truths of nature, so far as man is concerned with them, Mr. Stephen says, are "harsh" truths. Why then should "harsh" things be lovable? The dreamer may with sufficient accuracy be said to love truth for its own sake, because he dreams that somehow or other truth and good will be some day found identical. But take his dreams from him, and his love for truth will be gone. Very certainly in that case he will not understand it, and in saying that he will not Mr. Stephen is really saying what redounds most to his praise. Again, *low* and *lofty* — these words too are part of the language of dreamland. Mr. Stephen has no right to them. If he has, he must be able to draw a hard and fast line between them; for if his definitions be "vague in outline" and "insubstantial," they belong, according to his express definition, to the land of dreams. Finally, as to all these moral concepts, and more especially as to the love of truth for its own sake, we need only say to Mr. Stephen in his own language, that if their *reality* "be really enforced by logic, there is no more to be said; only in that case it is desirable that an exhibition of the logical ground should be less frequently superseded by a simple appeal to emotion. It is assuredly a misfortune that morality should be based on a conception that is avowedly little more than a vague 'perhaps.'" Mr. Stephen's arrow goes here very near the mark. Whether he considers it a misfortune or not, it is precisely on a "perhaps" that morality is based, if anything is a "perhaps" that we

have any choice in believing. It implies, and it is based upon, a belief in the independence of will. The belief that will is free is as essential to our moral conceptions as the belief that nature is uniform is essential to our scientific conceptions. Morality would be meaningless without the former, as science would be impossible without the latter.

I have taken the foregoing instances from the language of our modern teachers as a reminder, rather than a proof, of the present state of things — of how false to their own great axiom the exponents of positive thought are; and how, so far from believing nothing that cannot be proved to be true, they can only explain their propagation of the dogma by a conviction that has been formed in defiance of it.

This question of free will, however, lies only on the threshold of the matter. Morality assumes two axioms: firstly, that man is responsible for the path he walks in; secondly, that such or such a path is the only right one. The first, as we have seen, implies that the will is free. We will now go on to consider what is implied in the second; and this will show us yet more clearly how supernatural, how unverifiable, are the foundations that the whole moral world rests on. Professor Huxley has denied this in a very memorable sentence, which throws so singular a light on the present state of the question, that I cannot do better than quote it here.

"The assertion," he says, "that morality is in any way dependent on certain philosophical problems, produces the same effect on my mind as if one should say that a man's vision depends on his theory of sight; or that he had no business to be sure that ginger is hot in the mouth unless he has formed definite views as to the nature of ginger, and secondly as to whether he has or has not a sensitive soul."

Professor Huxley is a very remarkable man. On those subjects, by his mastery of which he has grown so famous, he is admired and listened to by all who can form an opinion about them; and those even who can judge little of his scientific work themselves, are yet conscious, as they read his writings, of the vigor of his intellect, and above all of the robust honesty of his character. But when he quits the physical world for the moral, a strange change comes over him, and all that his strength can do is to recoil upon himself. He is pledged to a theory of monistic materialism, and he endeavors to unite this with a dualistic spiritualism. The task, however, is beyond his power. If any one

could accomplish it, it might perhaps be he; but the things he would unite are things that can never be united; and the result of his labor is that he sets them side by side, and merely exhibits a contrast when he thinks he has effected a union. But the vigor of his intellect does not desert him. Even here he is above all his fellows. He masses together contradictory and incompatible statements as no one else does. His inconsistencies are more trenchant, and come on us with the force of a sledge-hammer. He concentrates fallacy and confusion into a single sentence, with a vigor to which I can find no parallel. Of this the sentence I have just quoted is an example, and as such will be much use to us here.

The illustration in it illustrates much, but it illustrates the very fact it was designed to invalidate. The fact that ginger is hot in the mouth is compared to the fact that a certain action is pleasing or is unpleasant to a man's whole being. And so far as it goes the comparison is perfectly just. Certain actions undoubtedly affect men in certain ways, quite independently of all theory about them. Sexual abstinence or indulgence is an instance of this. About this, however, there is no question: it is necessarily taken for granted. The question is not whether ginger be hot in the mouth or no, but whether or no we ought to eat it; and thus the very matter which Professor Huxley says is indifferent is the very matter that is really all-important. We must have definite views as to the nature of ginger before we know whether to eat or abstain from it.

That such or such a food is hot in the mouth is just the order of fact on which positive science can be positive. It is an excellent illustration of how far such science will go, how far into the ethical world its verifications will escort us. It will show us that certain outer things affect us in a certain way; and that some of these affections are pleasurable, and some not so. But a study of such tastes as these will no more supply us with any guide to action, show us the way to any spiritual elevation, or help us in any way to be "lovers of moral beauty," than the inspection of a block of marble will enable us to carve an Apollo from it. Men's natural tastes, and the verifiable certitudes with regard to them, such as that ginger is hot in the mouth, are nothing more than the raw material of morality. The spiritual, the moral life consists in shaping and chastening this, in cutting away with care and labor a large part of it, till the shape

accords with a certain ideal pattern — till the statue is hewn out of the block. I have pointed out, in a former paper, the confusion, common to most modern theories, between the verifiable laws by which alone freedom of choice can be secured to us, and the essentially unverifiable laws by which this choice is to be directed. Sociology, so far as any art can be based upon the science of it, will guide us merely towards the ideal of J. S. Mill — that of securing as much freedom to each of us as is compatible with a like freedom for all. Sociology must, then, be subsidiary either to individual license or else to some supernatural system. We may compare human life to a yew-tree. Science will show us how it has grown from the ground, and how all its twigs must have fitting room to expand in. It will not show us how to clip the yew-tree into a peacock. All moral truths must rest ultimately on the proved facts of sociology. This is what our scientific moralists are forever proclaiming to us, and no one in his senses would dispute this. Morality, as we must all admit, does rest upon sociology, but it rests on it as a statue does on its pedestal; and the same pedestal will support an *Athene* or a *Priapus*.

Which shall the statue be? That is the moral question, and every moralist has for it an unhesitating answer. He is absolute, he is positive on the point. He will not admit that there can be any doubt about it. Of the many ideals possible, one and one only is the best. He can give no reason why it is so; he can only reiterate that it is a fact. Men can agree or disagree with him as they please, and are for this reason the subjects of his praise or blame.

Thus, in the moral world, not only is free-will demanded implicitly, but the exaltation of some ideal — the submission of ourselves to some one "dream," is demanded explicitly. Professor Tyndall sees this plainly enough, and winds up a defence of monistic materialism by a vigorous statement of it. "What is really wanted," he says, "is the lifting power of an ideal element in human life." And all enthusiasms for humanity and the like, all devotions to truth for its own sake, are attempts at supplying us with such an ideal element. What then? Men form such ideals, it will be said, and cannot these be accepted as ultimate facts? Most emphatically they cannot. Did men all agree in forming the same ideal, and when formed did they not continually incline to be false to it, the case might then be dif-

ferent. But as a fact the ideals are very diverse; and when logic and when science have done all they can for us, they leave us face to face with a choice as to which they have no advice to offer us. Let the choice once be made, they will come back to us in an instant, and will again do our bidding; but while we are making the choice, they must leave us solitary; no power of theirs can sustain us in our vigil.

It will thus be seen that when once we enter the moral world we entirely leave the physical, or our concern with it, at any rate, becomes quite subordinate and secondary. We move amongst laws and forces that have no necessary connection with physical facts, and are essentially independent of the laws of the solar system. Their impress on physical facts, their interference with physical laws, may doubtless be the only things through which we can perceive their action; but they are as distinct from the things by which we alone perceive them as a hand unseen in the dark that should arrest or divert the course of a phosphorescent billiard ball. I say that this is so, if they exist at all.

Mr. Stephen says that these all belong to dreamland; and he is quite welcome, if he please, to keep his names. His terminology at least has this merit, that it recognizes the dualism of matter and of spirit. Let him keep his names if he will; and the question in his language amounts to this, whether it may not be only for the sake of the dreams that visit it, that the world of reality has any value for us, and if the dreams may not continue when the reality has passed away.

I will now pass to another point; and Mr. Stephen's language will again be of help to me here. Men's moral notions, taken simply by themselves, may very truly be called dreamlike; distinguished, that is, as Mr. Stephen says, by "their comparative vagueness, and insubstantiality of outline." There is a certain general agreement about them, but the details are ill defined, and are apt to undergo cloud-like changes of shape. Or we may compare such morality to a dim diffused light, not strong enough to see to read by, and falling upon objects mysterious with fog and mist. Religion is the sun from which all this light proceeds; and a man's assent to it corresponds with the emergence of the sun from a cloud-bank. The fogs and mists evaporate, and what was vague becomes clearness. No simile, however, is perfect for very far, and this of the sunlight fails to illustrate the relationship of natural to revealed religion. The question

here, however, is a little beside the mark, except for one reason; as, if it were not for that, the passage from the one to the other would, so far as science is concerned, be easy, if not inevitable. Practically what a revelation does is to give natural religion an organized working form. It is a burning-glass, by which the sun's heat is concentrated, and which sets things on fire that were only warm before. Once, then, let us grant a God, and there are strong *a priori* grounds for expecting and for desiring that he would reveal himself. There is, however, but one revelation — the Christian — that has much chance of securing the world's assent to it; and this is so encumbered with miracles, that its alleged history and credentials seem not only things that we cannot prove to be true, but things as well that we can prove not to be possible. A miracle is an actual suspension of the laws of nature. A variety of molecular or molar motions take place, in defiance of their usual laws. The most marked instance of this, in the Biblical records, is the standing still of the sun and moon at the bidding of Joshua; whilst we may take, as an instance from the New Testament, the sudden cessation of a storm at the words of Christ. Such is the nature of all miracles proper; and though these may do more violence than some to the imagination, the impossibility of all is equal. Let us once grant that a tear could be held from falling, when of physical necessity it would fall, and we must grant that the course of the planets might at any moment be tampered with. Let us grant that a single atom could be deflected from its course for a moment, and we must grant that winds in a moment might be hushed, and turbulent waters stilled. The uniformity claimed for nature is an absolute uniformity, and an infinitesimal violation of this is an infinite violation of it.

And now let us return to a fact we were just now considering. If human free will be a force in life at all, it must, if nature be uniform, be a supernatural force, acting on matter, but essentially independent of it. Every logical reasoner who admits the power of such will must admit not only the possibility of miracles, but also the actual fact of their daily occurrence. Every exertion of the human will is, strictly speaking, a miracle; only it takes place within the closed walls of the brain. The molecules of the brain are arranged and ordered by a supernatural agency. Their natural automatic movements are suspended, or directed and interfered with. It is true that, in common usage, the word

miracle has a more restricted use, but so far as it relates to nature the sense is essentially the same. What are commonly called miracles are acts, not of man's free will, but of God's; which is conceived of as disturbing in the same way the automatic movements of matter without the skull, as a man's free will disturbs those of the brain within it. Once then let us grant free will to man, and the impossibility of miracles vanishes — even the improbability.

The imagination, it is true, may turn restive, and swerve from a conclusion such as this; but such is the one conclusion that rigid reason points to, and sooner or later the imagination will have to yield to it. Did our modern thinkers only keep strictly on all points to that strict logic, in whose name they cast out miracles, they would be surprised to find how ingrained in the thoughts of men are conceptions that involve their possibility, and that ignore the strongest arguments that can be urged against them. Science has thrown on this question an infinite and unexpected light. If facts are what I mean to affirm they are, when I say that I threw a stone because I chose to throw it, or stopped a rolling stone because I chose to stop it, I have introduced, by such an action on matter, a disorder into the material universe of exactly the same kind, though not of the same molar magnitude, as Joshua did when he stayed the moon at Ajalon. That story of course may not be true. Because we believe in some miracles, there is no reason to believe in all, any more than, because Sheridan was no doubt a wit, we believe to be really his all the foolish witticisms set down to him. But, paradoxical as it may seem to say so, on *a priori* grounds, and examined by calm reason, there is no more impossibility involved in the story of Joshua's moon than in saying that a little boy in the street trundled his hoop because he *willed* to do so, or forborne to trundle it. The possibility of both is equal. Science can find room for the possibility of neither. And thus, as I have said before, let the evidence for miracles be never so overwhelming at first sight, no scientific thinker can be fairly asked to yield to it; and the many possible deceptions of the senses and the imagination leave him ample room to escape from it. Once, however, let a belief in them become intellectually admissible, and the evidence for a number of them becomes abundant and conclusive. Many *probable* events, which we consider certainties, rest on far slighter evidence than

do many miracles which we at once reject as fictions.

And now I will sum up briefly what I have thus far tried to elucidate. Life, as endowed with any spiritual significance, consists of two elements as different from each other as a sponge is from the water that soaks it. Modern thought, with a singular slovenliness, assumes these two elements to be one; and I have been trying to show their difference, and localize the point of junction. We begin with matter, its automatic motions, and the astounding complexity of combinations that have been evolved by them. This line of study brings us at last to men, the most astounding of all automata, capable, in themselves, of moving along a vast variety of paths, but sent each by preceding circumstances along one path in particular. It is at this point that we enter the realm of faith. Faith finds man an automaton, and injects into him a new force. The path along which each man will move becomes no longer fore-decided for him. He may come to the choice with a certain automatic bias, but there is that within him that can overcome this. His choice is in his own hands. You may choose which path you will; that is the first thing faith says to him. Such or such a path is the only right one; that is the second thing. Why is it right? he asks; and morality takes the form of religion, and faith answers thirdly, Because it leads to God, because it leads to the heart's desire.

In former papers I have tried to make it clear how logically inseparable morality is from theism; how theism is the one form to which reason must ultimately reduce the "ideal element," the "lifting power" of which, Professor Tyndall says, is so essential to us. But it has not been necessary to dwell upon that here; since I presume, as I have said, for the present, a desire for religion in my readers, and a recognition of the value of it, only practically thwarted by the absence of any grounds for believing in it. What I have tried to point out to such is this: that the grounds they have been taught to look for are grounds that cannot exist; and that to say that we cannot believe religion because there are no such proofs of it, would be to say we cannot believe that a bird has flown over a desert because it has left no footprints in the sand. I have tried to bring this more home to them by examples found close at hand; to show them that not only in their own moral life do they entirely deny verification as a test

of truth, but that the same thing is done by our leaders of positive thought also; and that in the case of all the most important beliefs, this test is abandoned by the very men who have persuaded others to use it.

Arguments are like seed, or like the soul as Paul conceived it, which he compared to seed. They are not quickened unless they die. As long as they remain in the form of arguments, they are ineffective. They begin their action only after they have sunk down into the memory; when the hostility and the distrust they were regarded with die away; when, silently and unperceived, they melt into the mental system, and, becoming part of oneself, effect a turning round of the soul. This, at least, is true in such vital matters as those I am now dealing with. One cannot bully people into the love of God, nor even into a belief in him; and I should not expect my arguments to convert a single sceptic. But I do not for that reason think them useless. If they be sound, as I most firmly think they are, they will some day do their work in the world; but they will need to be stated and re-stated by many thinkers, and in many ways, before their work is appreciable; and every statement helps. And even then what are they? They do but show us the question, not answer it; and show us also that it is still open. I write in the interests of those who desire the gift of faith—a gift of fire as it was to them, which I think falsehood has done much to extinguish. But I cannot re-light the fire; I can only begin sweeping the chimney.

Sweeping the chimney is to my mind a not inapt metaphor; and it applies equally to the work of science. Men of science, so long as they keep to their own limits, are chimney-sweepers in the house of life. They have been at their work now for many generations, and they have cleared away much of the soot of ages; but, unfortunately, they have made more than they have cleared away. The brush of reason must next be applied to this; and the passage will then be clearer than it ever before has been. Or I may express my meaning thus. The reign of science, I may compare to a thunder-storm, which, though it darkens the air while it lasts, will have left it clearer when it has passed away.

In other words, the teaching of science has needed to be made perfect before its limits, and its full meaning, could be truly realized. "Unless I have seen with mine eyes I will not believe," expresses a cer

tain mental tendency that has always had existence. But till science and its positive methods began to dawn on the world, this tendency was vague and wavering. Positive science supplied it with solid nutriment; its body grew denser, and its shape more definite; till at last it has spread its affirmations, and its denials also, throughout the whole universe. So far as spirit goes, and spiritual aspirations, it has left the universe empty, swept, and garnished. If spirit is to enter in and dwell there, we must seek elsewhere for it.

If faith then is to have any future history, this, I conceive, is what science will be found to have done for it. It will have taught us to set it on its right foundation. It will have taught us, for instance, that to seek to prove God's existence by traces of design in nature is to begin altogether at the wrong end of the matter. Once let us believe in God, and such traces of design may then perhaps be revealed to us; but the belief must come first, and these traces afterwards. In that case they will remind us of our faith, rather than convince us of it; as a glass of flowers in his library may remind a man that his wife cares for him, though their presence of itself would never make him think he was married.

But perhaps the reign of faith is over. Perhaps we are really about to live by positive science only. So far as reason goes, we shall get no help in the matter; for the issue is not one between faith and reason, but between a belief in two orders of things and a belief in only one. The work of reason will be the same in either case. In either case she will be like a custom-house officer. She will make us declare our taxable goods; and if she finds any in our box we have not declared, she will pitilessly take them away from us. In either case she will be like a judge who will judge us by the laws of which country we choose. Till that choice is made we are her masters; when it is made we are her servants. She will take our beliefs, and she will sift them and resift them, and leave us nothing but what we have an absolute right to. Give her the laws of science, and let her judge our beliefs by them, and slowly but surely she will sift our dreams from our realities. Mr. Stephen will soon shriek to her that she is mistaken, that those are not dreams she is discarding, but solid realities, that he cannot possibly get on without. But reason will not hear him. Her fan is in her hand, and she will thoroughly purge her floor.

What the world's final choice will be may perhaps remain undecided till some

practical illustration shall be given of what life looks like, when thus winnowed clean of its dreams. Would-be believers may perhaps be shocked to find that the truths of the spirit have their chief foundation in the world of the spirit; and that logically they are as free to deny them as they are to accept them — that the question, in fact, is positively a matter of choice. But a little reflection will show them that this must be so, and that faith, were it not so, would be robbed of half its value. Could the fact of God's existence, for instance, or the moral value of purity, be expressed by scientific proof — that is, could it be so proved that we had no choice but to believe it — our belief would lose that chastening and transforming power that, by those who feel it, it is supposed to have. An act of faith has the same effect on the character that an act of generous trust has. It is the only act by which the mind can be humbled in the presence of the sum of things, without being abased also; by which man can acknowledge the certain fact of his insignificance, without denying himself altogether any strength and dignity. According to the scientific view of nature, unless we adopt the creed of indifference, which is its only logical outcome, man in the face of nature must either strut or grovel. In the first case he is ludicrous; in the latter, by his own admission, contemptible.

What then, again I ask, is the future chance of religion? So long as the moral enthusiasm of men has not spent itself — so long "as vain thoughts," as Dante says, "have not been a petrifying fountain to the soul" — there is the same "stuff" left in the world as religious "dreams are made of;" and when the prestige of positive thought has been reduced to its true dimensions, we may once more return to such dreams as the only true reality. At present it may be hard to do so. A sort of intellectual hysteria may numb our faculties. But this may pass away, and their former strength return to them. The laws of God may once more seem surer to us than the laws of gravitation. Faith may once more dictate to the world, and put its foot upon the neck of nations. It may: we do not know that it ever will. This, however, we do know, that the elements that would make such an event possible still smoulder in the world. And there are many who, though now they can ejaculate no prayer, and rehearse no creed, would exclaim in a moment, could they think such a coming possible, "Even so come, Lord Jesus."

W. H. MALLOCK.

WITHIN THE PRECINCTS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THOUGHT.

THE appearance of the new Mrs. Despard in the Abbey made a very great impression. The brilliancy of her blue silk and the bushiness of her orange blossoms were calculated to strike awe into all beholders. There was scarcely a lady within the precincts who did not feel herself personally insulted by the appearance of the milliner girl flaunting in her bridal finery and taking her place by right among them. As for the wives of the chevaliers, their indignation was too great for words. Mingled curiosity and enmity had brought them out in larger numbers than usual, to see the creature, if she was so lost to every feeling of shame as to show herself; and it is scarcely necessary to say that Polly was in that particular entirely lost to every feeling of shame. She came in with her captain, clinging to his arm, and whispering to him, even in the sacred quiet of the Abbey, and as the pair were late, and almost the entire congregation assembled, nothing was wanting to the full enjoyment of her triumph. Polly felt when she raised her head, after that momentary homage to the sacred place which even in her state of excitement she felt bound to make, that one object of her life was attained, that everybody was staring at her, and that in her blue silk she was more the centre of regard than the dean himself under his canopy, or the minor canon just about to begin the service, who perceptibly paused in consequence of the little rustle and commotion which accompanied her entrance. The feelings of the ladies among whom this intruder pushed her way may be imagined. It was all that Mrs. O'Shaughnessy could do, she said afterwards, to refrain from throwing her hymn-book at the head of the jaunty captain, as he handed his bride into her place, before taking his own among his brother chevaliers. The ladies in the Abbey were divided from their partners, being placed in a lower row, and to see the captain pass on to his stall with a swing of elation in his step after handing his bride to her seat, was enough to make any veteran blaspheme. Why should a man be so proud of himself because he has got a new wife? The imbecile glow of vanity and self-congratulation which in such circumstances comes over the countenance, nay, the entire person, even of the wisest,

conveys exasperation to every looker-on. The sentiment of indignation, however, against Captain Despard was mingled with pity; but scarcely even contempt sufficed to soften the feeling with which Polly in her blue silk was universally regarded. Polly was an intruder, an aggressor. The very way in which she tossed her head upwards with its bristling crown of artificial flowers was an offence. The women might have their little differences now and then, and it was an undoubted fact that Mrs. Dalrymple, for instance, who was very well connected, had never been able to endure Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, who had no connections at all; but now they all clung together as with one impulse. They crowded upon each other in the seat, so as to leave a clear space between them and Polly, who, unabashed, took full advantage of it, and spread out her flounces, her blue silken skirts around her, with a rustle of defiance. Mrs. Temple was the one who was left next to Mrs. Despard. This lady, who took no notice at first, soon roused up, and putting on her spectacles, looked very seriously at the intruder. Polly faced round upon her, with dauntless readiness, but Mrs. Temple looked so seriously at her, that even Polly felt somewhat discomfited. She saw this new observer's eyes upon her all the time. "Who was that old woman who stared at me so?" she asked, scarcely taking the trouble to whisper, as her husband led her round the nave while the voluntary was being played. "That! that's the wife of an old idiot who gives himself no end of airs," said the captain. "I thought as much," said Polly, tossing her head, "but she'll find I can stare just as well as she can. Two can play at that game." She spoke so loudly that some of the people near said "Hush-sh!" The signor was just then playing a very delicate cadenza in the minor key.

Mrs. Temple took her old husband's arm without a word, and went straight home. He had not himself been at the service, but met her at the door; where he too saw the bride in her blue silk. The old captain did nothing but shake his head. He could not trust himself to speak. "What are things coming to?" he said at last, as they got within their own door. "When that young fellow was made a chevalier, I said nothing could come of it but mischief to the community." Captain Despard, being only fifty, was a young fellow to this veteran. "Never mind the community," said Mrs. Temple, which was a bold thing to say. It was getting late in

the October afternoon, and within the little sitting-rooms of the lodges it seemed dark, coming in even from the grey afternoon skies outside. Mrs. Temple rang for the lamp before she went up-stairs to take off her bonnet. She was very full of thought, and sighed as she went. Her own girl, for whom she would so gladly have died, was gone, though she had both father and mother to care for her — and here was another poor girl who lived but had no one to care for her. Strange are the decrees of Providence. Mrs. Temple sighed as she came down-stairs again to where her old captain sat gazing at the lamp with a sorrowful face. "Yes, my dear," he said as she came in, "you were right to say never mind the community. After all, I suppose there is no community in the world that has not its black sheep. Nobody will be so foolish as to confound us with such a fellow; but when I think of that poor girl —"

"That is what I have been thinking of," said Mrs. Temple, "but perhaps," she added, still unwilling to betray her interest in Lottie, that interest which was half opposition, "perhaps she may not feel it so much as we suppose."

"Feel it! I have not liked to say very much about her, my dear. She reminds me so of our own — and I know you could not bear to talk of that," said the good captain, innocent of the fact that he had talked of little else for months past. "But if you only knew her better! There is something in the walk — in the turn of her head — that so reminds me. But I never liked to say much about it. You must not think she does not feel it. I met her and was talking with her just before I came for you. But for leaving you alone I should have taken her for a walk; it would have done her good. I believe she rushed off to the slopes after all."

"I do not think she would get much good on the slopes," said Mrs. Temple, thinking of the little wind of gossip about Mr. Rollo Ridsdale which had begun to breathe about the lodges.

"She would get fresh air — and quiet. She likes that; she is a very thoughtful girl, my dear — very serious, just like our own poor — You must forgive me if I am always seeing resemblances. Lottie is very fond of the twilight. I have gone with her so often I know her tastes. Many a time I have done the same with — When I feel her little arm in mine, I could almost think sometimes that other days had come back."

The shadow of Mrs. Temple's cap quiv-

ered on the wall. The thought of the little arm in his, the other days, which this simple touch brought back, was not sweet but terrible to her. A film floated before her eyes, and something choking and intolerable rose in her throat. "I do not suppose," she said hastily, "that a girl brought up like that can mind as one thinks."

The captain shook his head. "I wish you knew her better," he said, with that soft answer which quenches animadversions. The servant maid came in with the tray at this moment, and Mrs. Temple began to pour out the tea. She was a little tired, having had many things to do that day, and it occurred to her suddenly that to lean back in her easy-chair as the captain was doing, and to have her cup of tea brought to her, would be sweet. To have some one to wait upon her tenderly and read her wishes in her eyes, and divine her thoughts before they came to her lips, that would be sweet. But could any one do that except a child, could anything but love do it, and that sacred influence which is in the blood, the same blood running in the different veins of parent and child? These thoughts went through her mind without anybody being the wiser. She gave her husband his tea, and sat down in her turn to rest a little. There was nothing said in the still little room. The two together, did not they know all each other's thoughts and wishes and recollections? They were old, and what could happen to them except the going out to the Abbey, the coming in to tea? But if there had been three instead of two, and one young, with all a dawning world before her feet, everything would have borne a very different aspect. Ah! Mrs. Temple moved quickly, as she had the habit of doing when that recollection, always present to her mind, struck suddenly like a new blow. And here was a creature, helpless, forlorn, without a mother to fly to. The mother who had no child stood doubtful between earth and heaven, asking, speechless, what she was to do. Pass by on the other side as if there was no mother in her, or pardon God for taking her child, and hold out her hand to his? She did not know what to do. Things were not easy for her as for her husband. It was cruel of this girl even to live, to pass by a poor woman's windows who had lost her child. Yet what was the woman to do when this creature who was living, who was an offence to her, was in trouble? Let her sink and never hold out a hand? But what then would the other girl in heaven think of her mother? Mrs. Tem-

ple was torn by this conflict of which she gave no sign, while perhaps the old captain in his kind and tender heart, yearning over the young creature who was so helpless and desolate, was unjust to his wife and thought her less than kind.

And it was not only in Captain Temple's house that Polly's appearance was the cause of excitement. The signor put his hand upon the arm of his young assistant as they went out together by the north door. "Did you see them?" he said, with meaning. Young Purcell was pale with excitement. He had done nothing but watch Polly promenading through the nave on her husband's arm, and the very fact of Lottie's superiority to himself made him feel with more horror the impossibility of any harmony between her and Polly, whom he considered so much inferior to himself. He had watched her from the organ-loft, while the signor played the voluntary, with feelings indescribable, and so did his mother who was also in the Abbey, and who gaped at the fine young woman with a mixture of consternation and admiration, by no means sure of her inferiority, yet feeling that a crisis had arrived, and that whatever Miss Despard might have said before, she could not but be glad now of any offer of an 'ome. Mrs. Purcell did not stay for the voluntary, but went home quickly to see after "her dinner," very full of thoughts, and tremulous with expectation. The young lady was proud, she would not have anything to say to John before—but now, no doubt she would send for him and all would be settled. The housekeeper knew that a young step-mother was a strong argument against the peace of a girl who had been used to have everything her own way, and she felt with a tremor of her heart, half pride, half pain, that now at last she would have to resign her boy, and see him pass from beyond her ken into those regions of gentility with which the signor's housekeeper had nothing to do. Very likely John, or John's wife who was "such a lady," would want her to leave her comfortable situation. Mrs. Purcell did not like the idea of it, but still, if it would help to make her boy happy—perhaps even it would remove a stumbling block out of John's way if she were to take it into her own hands, and give up her situation. The thought made her heart heavy, for she liked her place, and the signor, and her comfortable room, and the power of laying by a little money. But John was the person to be considered. What could a young lady object to in his position? he was all that a gentleman could

wish to be; but a mother who was in service might no doubt be an objection. Mrs. Purcell made up her mind hurriedly, that if it proved needful she would not wait to be asked, but would herself take the initiative and make the sacrifice; but she did so with a heavy heart. To give up not only her boy, who when he was married would not, she knew, be much more to his mother, but her occupation likewise, and her chief comforts, and her master who was, in a way, like another son to her, a foster son, much greater and richer than she, but still dependent on her for his comfort—it was hard, but still she could do it for her John's sake. Meanwhile her John, feeling the signor's hand heavy with meaning on his arm, answered with tremulous excitement, "Yes—I saw it. It is terrible, terrible! a desecration. To think she should have to put up with that even for a day."

"I wonder what will be the issue," said the signor meditatively. "Her heart is not in her work now. If she becomes an artist it will be against her will—art is not what she is thinking of. I wonder what will come of it. Will she feel the hollowness of this world and throw herself into her profession, or will she —"

"Master," said the young musician fervently, "sooner or later she will turn to me. It is not possible that a man could love a young lady as I do, and have an 'ome to offer her, as I have —"

Purcell was educated—he did not forget his h's in general; but how many people are there who, beguiled by that familiar phrase, forget all precautions and plunge recklessly into the pitfall of an 'ome!

"You think so?" said the signor. He did not himself put any confidence in this result, and was even surprised, after his recent experiences, that the young man should be sanguine; but still, after all, who ought to have such true intuitions as the hero himself? and there is no telling what perseverance mingled with enthusiasm may do. The signor was not satisfied with his pupil. She would not devote herself to her work as he wished. She had no abstract devotion to art, as art. The Signor felt, musing over it, that it was possible she might take to it more warmly if by any chance she became Purcell's wife. John was a very good fellow, and when he was disappointed the signor was very angry with Lottie; but still he thought it probable that Lottie, if she married him, would not find much to satisfy her in Purcell, and therefore would be driven to art. And of all results that could be attained,

was not this the best? In the mean time however he was very doubtful whether by this means it ever would be attained.

"Yes, master," said the young man; "how can I help thinking so? I can give her, if not very much, at least independence and the comforts of an 'ome. She would not be dragged down by any thing about me. My mother's position may be doubtful," he said, with passing embarrassment; "but you have been so good, you have never made her like a common servant; and at Sturminster nobody need ever know."

"Your mother has been very good and done a great deal for you; you must never let any one ignore your mother."

"Certainly not," said the young man. "She is my mother; that ought to be enough for anybody. And I shall have her come to see me the same as if she were a duchess; but still there is no need of publishing to everybody where she is when she is at home."

"That is true, that is true," said the signor; "then you really think there is a chance that this is how it will end?"

"Master," said Purcell, pausing at the door before they entered. It was one of the Italian traditions which had lingered in the signor's habitual bearing, to stand still now and then as he was walking, by way of giving emphasis to a sentence. They paused now, looking at each other before they went in, and the color came to the young fellow's face. "Master," he said, "it may look self-sufficient, but how can it end otherwise? There is no one else who will offer her what I can offer her; and it would be supposing she had no sense, which is very far from the case, to think she would stand out forever. She is a lady, she is above me in birth; but, thanks to you, I know how to behave like a gentleman, and surely sooner or later this is how it must end."

"Amen, with all my heart," said the signor, turning in at the door which old Pick held open behind, waiting, as one who knew his master's way.

It was Mr. Ashford who had intoned the service that afternoon, and his attention had been so caught by Polly's entrance, that he made a kind of stumble in the beginning—a pause which was perceptible. After that, during the singing of the anthem and at other moments when his attention was free, he had looked down upon that gorgeous apparition from his high desk with a look of compassion on his face. The compassion, it is needless to say, was not for Polly, who wanted none

of it. He watched her behind his book, or behind the hand which supported his book, with the most curious alarmed attention. And when he passed her with her husband going out, Mr. Ashford looked at her in a way which Polly thought to be flattering. "That's one as takes an interest in us," she said. "It's Ashford, the minor canon. It must be you he takes an interest in," whispered the captain, and Polly laughed and tossed her head. He went home with the same strange look on his face. It was softened and touched and pitiful. "Poor thing," he said to himself, "poor girl!" and when he got in he sat for a long time in the centre window in the dark, looking out, and trying to think out some way of help. What could he do for her? Poor thing, with all her better instincts and higher feelings, with her impulse of taking care of everybody and keeping her father and brother right, what would become of her now? Mr. Ashford asked himself with many an anxious thought what could be done? A man could do nothing—where it was a girl that was in the case, a man was more helpless than a baby. He could do nothing to help her; he could not even show his sympathy, without probably doing more harm than good to the sufferer. He sat in the window-seat, gazing out on the dusk and the dim horizon as if that could help him in his musings. If he had only had a mother or sister—any woman to whom he could have appealed, he thought he must have done so on behalf of this girl. But he had neither sister nor mother. He was a man very much alone in the world. He had a brother, a poor clergyman with a large family and a wife, who would not understand in the least why Ernest should interest himself in a stranger—a girl. If he wanted some one to spend his money upon, why not take one of the children, he thought he heard her say; and certainly she would not understand, much less respond to any appeal he would make to her. What could he do? If any other suggestion swept across Mr. Ashford's face in the dark or through his heart, nobody was there to see or divine it. He sat there without ringing for his lamp till it was quite late, and was much discomposed to be found sitting in the dark when a messenger arrived with a note from the Deanery about the extra service for the next saint's day. He was annoyed to be found so, being conscious perhaps of reasons for the vigil which he would not have cared to enter upon, for he was shy and sensitive, and it had often happened to him to be

laughed at, because of his undue anxiety about others. What is it to you? had been often said to him, and never with more occasion than now. For, after all, what did it matter to the minor canon, what became of Lottie Despard? Whether she and her stepmother should "get on" together; or if they should never "get on," but yet might manage to live under the same roof, a cat and doggish life, what was it to him? One way or other it would not take sixpence out of his pocket, or affect his comfort in any way. But yet he could not get it out of his head. No one in the house had thought of coming to his room to light his lamp, to see that all was in order for him. He was not served with precision as was the signor, for he was fond of saving his servants trouble, and making excuses for them. And when the man came from the Deanery and followed the maid into the study, where she went groping, declaring that her master was not at home, the minor canon was uncomfortable, finding himself thus taken by surprise. "You need not wait for an answer. I will send one in the morning," he said, when the candles on the writing-table had been lit with a match, and he had read the note. He felt that his confused and troubled thoughts might be read in his eyes. But nobody had any clue to the subject of these thinkings; and how could any one suspect that it was a matter of such absolute indifference to himself that was occupying his thoughts—a thing with which he had nothing in the world to do?

CHAPTER XXXII.

WHAT ROLLO HAD TO MARRY ON.

THE moment after a man has made a proposal of marriage, and has been accepted, is not always a moment of unmitigated blessedness. There are ups and downs in the whole business from beginning to end. Sometimes the man has the best of it, and sometimes the woman. When either side has betrayed itself without a response on the other, when the man seems to waver in his privilege of choice, when the woman hesitates in her crowning prerogative of acceptance or rejection, then there are intervals on either side which are not enviable; but when all these preliminaries are over, and the explanation has been made, and the two understand each other—then the lady's position is, for the first few days at least, the most agreeable. She has no parents to interview, no pecuniary investigations to submit to, nor has she to enter upon the ques-

tion of ways and means, settlements and income for the future. But when a man who knows he has nothing to marry upon is beguiled by circumstances, by a sudden emergency, or by strain of feeling, into the momentous offer, and after the first enthusiasm of acceptance looks himself in the face as it were, and asks himself how it is to be done, there is something terrible in the hours that follow. How was it to be done? Rollo Ridsdale left Lottie at her door, and went across the road towards the Deanery in a state of mind which was indescribable. He was not an immaculate man, nor had he now spoken of love for the first time; but yet he was real in his love, and the response had been sweet to him, sweet and terrible, as conveying every risk and danger that life could bring, as well as every delight. He had lingered with his love until the last available moment, and yet it was a relief to turn his back upon her, to go away into the chaos of his own life and try to find a way out of this maze in which he had involved himself. How was he to marry? what was he to do? He felt giddy as he walked along, steadily enough to outward seeming, but in his soul groping like a blind man. He had asked Lottie Despard to marry him, and she had consented. He wanted nothing better than her companionship, her love, the delight and comfort of her to be his own; but, good heavens!—but, by Jove!—but, in the name of every thing worth swearing by—how was it to be done?—how was he to marry? what was he to do? The happiness was delicious—it was a taste of Paradise, a whiff of Elysium—but—Rollo did not know where he was going as he crossed the Dean's Walk. He went—steadily enough, his legs carrying him, his knowledge of the place guiding him mechanically, but his whole soul in a maze of thought. How was he to do it? How could he, a man with nothing, not much better than an adventurer, living upon chances and windfalls—how could he weight himself with the support of another—marry a wife? It was preposterous, it was terrible—yet it was sweet. Poor child, she was in want of his arm to shelter her, in want of some one to take care of her; and he could not tolerate the idea that any one but himself should give her the succor she needed; but how was he to do it? The question seemed to get into the air, and echo round him—how was he to do it? He had nothing, or what to such a man was nothing, and worse than nothing. He managed to live no one could

tell how. True, in living he did not know how, Rollo managed to spend a good deal of money—more than many a family is reared upon; but there is proportion in everything, and he never could tell, from one year's end to another, how he had got through. And he had asked a girl to marry him! He groaned within himself when he came back to this centre thought, this pivot of all his reflections, though it was sweet. He had asked her to marry him; he had pledged himself to take her away out of her troubles, to open a refuge to her, to make her escape practicable: speedily, certainly, easily so far as she knew—and how was he to do it? If the question went through his mind once, it flew and circled in wavering rounds about him, like a moth or a bat in summer, a hundred times at least as he went from the chevaliers' lodge to the Deanery door. He had no time for thinking, since the hour of dinner approached, and the dean waited for no one; but he thought and thought all the same. What was he to do? He, marry? how was he to do it? Yet it must be done. He did nothing but ask himself this while he brushed his hair and tied his evening tie. He had nothing, not a penny—he had a valet and a dressing-case with gold tops on all the bottles, and the most expensive clothes from the dearest tailor—but he had nothing, and everybody knew that he had nothing. The situation was appalling. A cold dew came out on his forehead; he to do such a thing! but yet he had done it—he had committed himself, and now the question that remained was—not how to get out of it, which under any other circumstances would have been his clear duty, but how to do it? This was the problem he tried to solve while he was dressing, which flitted about his head while he sat at dinner, between every mouthful of his soup, and fluttered all through the dessert. How was he to do it? And when the evening was over—when Lady Caroline had gone to bed, and the dean to his study, Rollo at length ventured out into the Deanery garden with his cigar, in spite of the black looks of Mr. Jeremie, who wanted to shut up the house and get to bed himself at a reasonable hour, as a dean's butler has a right to do.

It was cold—but he did not feel the cold—and the wind was still strong, blowing the black branches wildly about the leaden sky. The dean's garden was bounded by the slopes, only a low and massive grey wall, as old as the buttresses amid which the lawn was set, separating

it from the larger grounds, which were open to the community—and Rollo leaning on that wall could almost see the spot where he had sat with Lottie, when she had clasped her hands on his arm, leaning upon him with delicious trust, and giving up all her future into his hands. Even then what a difference there had been between them—she throwing herself upon him in utter faith and confidence, feeling herself delivered completely and at once from all the troubles that overwhelmed her; while he, even in the thrill of pleasure which that soft weight and pressure gave him, felt his heart jump with such sudden alarm as words could not describe. Now when he thought it over, the alarm was more than the pleasure. Lottie, retired into her little chamber, was at that hour going over the whole scene with the tenderest happiness and reliance—feeling safe with him, feeling free of all responsibility, not even forecasting the future, safe and relieved from all the anxieties of the past, caring for nothing but this moment, this exquisite climax of life, this perfect union that had begun and was never to end. Very, very different were Rollo's thoughts. How was he to do it? Marry! the very idea seemed impossible. It involved disclosure, and disclosure would be madness. What would his relations say to him?—what would his friends say to him? His tradesmen would send in their bills, his associates would contemplate him with the very horror of astonishment. Ridsdale married! as well cut his throat at once. Had he ever thought of the little *ménage* on which Lottie's thoughts (had they been free to plan any thing) would have dwelt with simple pride and happiness, he would have been disposed really to cut his throat. In such a case Lottie would have been sure of her own powers—sure that if they were poor she could make their money go twice as far as Rollo by himself could make it go—and make up for much more than her share of the expenses by the housewifely powers which would have been her delight and her ambition. But to Rollo love in a cottage was a simple folly, meaning nothing. The very idea was so foreign to him that it never entered into his mind at all. What did enter into his mind as the only hope in the blank of the future, was of a very different description. It was the original idea which had first of all moved him towards this girl, who gradually had awakened within him so many other sentiments: her voice. Should he be able to produce this as he hoped, then there would be a

way of escape from the difficulty. The manager had behaved like a fool, but Rollo had not changed his opinion. Though he had fallen in love with the singer, and his sentiments in regard to her had thus been modified, he had never changed his opinion. It was a magnificent organ which she possessed and though (which seemed to him very strange) Handel at present was her only inspiration, yet he felt that with proper care that voice could do anything, and that in it might yet lie all the elements of fortune. Casting about around all his horizon, for something like salvation, this was the only light that Rollo perceived. It, perhaps, was not the most desirable of lights. To marry a singer in full heyday of her powers, admired by all the world, and making a great deal of money, was not a thing that any younger son would hesitate to do; but an unknown singer with all her way to make, and her very education still so imperfect, that was a very different matter; but still it was the only chance. In former times, perhaps a man would have thought it necessary to pretend at least a desire to snatch his bride from the exposure of publicity, from the stage or even from the concert-room—a determination to work for her rather than to let her work for him; but along with circumstances sentiments change, and the desire of women for work is apt to be supported from an undesirable side by those who once would have thought their honor concerned in making women's work unnecessary. In civilization there can be no advance without its attendant drawback. Mr. Ridsdale had fallen in love, a thing no young man can entirely guard against, and he had engaged to marry Lottie Despard, partly because he was in love with her, partly because she was in want of protection and succor. But he did not know in what way he could keep a wife—and short of breaking his word and abandoning her altogether (things which at this moment it seemed utterly impossible to do), what other way was open to him than to consider how his wife could keep him? This was a great deal more easy. He had nothing—no money, no profession—but she had a profession, a something which was worth a great deal of money, which only required cultivation to be as good as a fortune. Rollo's heart perceptibly lightened as he thought of this. It did not make the social difficulties much easier, or soften the troubles which he must inevitably have with his family; but still, whereas the other matter had been impossible, this

brought it within the range of things that could be contemplated. He could not refrain from one sigh (in the undercurrent of his mind, not dwelt upon or even acknowledged, a thing which he would have been ashamed of had he admitted it to himself), one sigh that the idea of marriage had come in at all. She might have found in him all the succor, all the companionship, all the support she wanted without that, and it would have done her no harm in her after career. But that was a secret thought—an inadvertence, a thing which he dared not permit himself to think, as it were, in the daylight, in his own full knowledge. He knew very well still what a fool he would appear to everybody—how the idea that he, Rollo, with all his experience, should be thus taken in at last, would cause infinite surprise and laughter among his friends—but still there came a gleam of possibility into the matter when he thought of Lottie's gift. By that means they might do it. It was not quite out of the question, quite impossible. Rollo had been so lost in thought that he had not seen Mr. Jeremie looking out from the window through which he had gone into the garden; but as he arrived at this, which was a kind of conclusion, if not a very satisfactory one, he became at last aware of the respectable butler's anxiety.

"Her ladyship, sir, don't hold with leaving the windows open," said Mr. Jeremie, who did not hold with staying out of bed to attend upon a young man's vagaries. There had been nothing of this kind in Miss Augusta's time—not even when Mr. Daventry came courting. Rollo tossed the end of his cigar over the wall and came in, somewhat relieved in his mind, though the relief was not very great. It left all the immediate question unsolved, what his family would say, and what was to be done in the mean time—but it gave a feeble light of possibility in the future. He had calculated on Lottie's voice to make his fortune when he thought of it only as a speculator. He had much more right to look upon her as likely to make his fortune now.

In the morning the same thought was the first in Rollo's mind; but the faint light of hope it gave was surrounded by clouds that were full of trouble. Supposing that in the course of time, when she was thoroughly established in her profession, trained and started, she could manage to attain that most necessary thing called an income, with which to meet the world—this was a contingency which still lay

in the future; whereas it might be necessary to act at once. The very urgency and anxiety of Rollo's thoughts will show that he neither wanted to abandon Lottie, nor to allow her to guess that he was alarmed by his engagement to her. The whole scope and object of his deliberations was to make the thing possible. But for this why should he have troubled himself about it at all? He might have "let things take their course"—he might have gone on enjoying the delights of love-making, and all a lover's privileges, without going any further. Lottie was not the kind of girl who ever would have hurried matters, or insisted upon the engagement being kept. He knew well enough that she would never "pull him up." But he was in love with Lottie—he wanted to deliver her from her troubles—he wanted to have her for his own—if he could only see how it was to be done. Evidently there were various conditions which must be insisted on—which Lottie must yield to. Public notice must not be called to the tie between them more than was absolutely necessary. Everything must be conducted carefully and privately—not to make any scandal—and not to compel the attention of his noble family. Rollo did not want to be sent for by his father, to be remonstrated with by his elder brother, to have all his relatives preaching sermons to him. Even his aunt Caroline, passive, easy-going soul, even she would be roused, he felt, to violence, could she divine what was in the air. Marry Miss Despard! the idea would drive her out of all the senses she possessed. Kind as she was, and calm as she was, Rollo felt that in such circumstances she would no longer be either kind or calm—and if even Lady Caroline were driven to bay, what would be the effect of such a step on Lord Courtland, who had no calm of nature with which to meet the revelation? Therefore his heart was heavy as he went out, as soon as the bells had ceased ringing for matins, to meet his love on the slopes. His heart was heavy, yet he was not a cool or indifferent lover. The thought of seeing her again was sweet to him; but the cares were many, and he did not know how to put into language which would not vex or hurt her, the things that must be said. He tried to wrap them up in honeyed words, but he was not very successful—and at last he decided to leave it all to providence—to take no thought for what he was to say. The words will be put into my mouth at the right time, he said to himself piously. He

could not exactly forecast what shape the conversation would take, or how this special subject would be introduced. He would not settle what he had to say, but would leave it to fate.

The morning sunshine lay as usual unbroken upon the Dean's Walk. It had been feeble and fitful in the earlier morning, as sunshine has often begun to be in October, but now had warmed into riper glory. The paths on the slopes were strewn with fallen leaves, which the winds of last night had blown about in clouds. Rollo was first at the trysting place, and when he saw Lottie appear suddenly round the bole of the big elm-tree, she seemed to be walking to him, her foot all light and noiseless, upon a path of gold. Her steps seemed to have a fairy tinkle upon that yellow pavement. The movement of her figure was like music, with a flowing liquid measure in it. The little veil that dropped over her hat, the ribbons at her neck, the soft sweep of her dark merino gown, commonest yet prettiest of fabrics, all united in one soft line. There was nobody by, and it was the first heavenly morning upon which they had belonged to each other. She came to him as if out of paradise, out of heaven, all radiant with happiness and celestial trust and love. A glow of tenderness and gladness came over the young man. He forgot all about the difficulties, about money, about his family, about how they were to live and what was to be done. He went to meet her, ardent and eager, forgetting everything but herself. It was the *vita nuova* all over again, a new earth and new skies. It seemed to both of them that they had never lived before, that this was the birthday of a glorified existence. Even last night, in the agitation of their happiness, had not been like this first new day. When they stepped into each other's sight, realizing the mutual property, the mutual right, the incomprehensible sweetness of belonging to each other, everything else seemed to be swept out of the world. There was nothing visible but themselves, the sweet sky, and genial air; the leaves dropping softly, all crimson and golden, the sun shining on them with a sympathetic surprise of pleasure. For the moment, even to the young man of the world, everything was simple, primitive, and true, all complications and conventionalities swept away; and if so to Rollo, how much more to Lottie, thus advancing sweetly, with a soft measure in her step, not hurried or eager, but in modest faith and innocence, into her lover's arms.

And, lo! in a moment all his calcula-

tions proved needless. It was the worse for both, perhaps, that it should be so — but that which is fittest and sweetest is not always that which is most practically good. Instead of talking seriously to each other, making their mutual arrangements, deciding what was to be done, as would have been far the wisest way of employing the solitude of this sweet morning, which seemed to brighten expressly for them, what did the two do, but fall into an aimless delicious whispering about their two happy selves, and nothing more! They had things to say to each other which came by stress of nature, and had to be said, yet were nothing, while the things of real importance were thrust aside. They fell a-gossiping about themselves, about each other, going over all the old ground, repeating last evening's tender follies, about — when you first began to think — and when I first knew — and what has been in the one heart and in the other, when both had to talk of other things, and make no sign. What need to follow all the course of that foolishness? There was nothing in earth or heaven so deeply interesting to Lottie as to hear how Rollo was thinking of her while he stood and talked to somebody else, watching her from far; and how his heart would beat when he saw her coming, and how he blasphemed old Captain Temple, yet blessed him next moment for bringing her here; and what he had really meant when he said this and that, which had perplexed her at the time; nor to Rollo than to know how she had watched for him, and looked for his sympathy, and felt herself backed up and supported the moment he appeared. There was not a day of the past month but had its secret history, which each longed to disclose to the other, and scarcely an hour, scarcely a scrap of conversation which did not contain a world of unrevealed meaning to be unfolded and interpreted. Talk of an hour! they had ample enough material for a century without being exhausted; and as for arrangements, as for the (so to speak) business of the matter, who thought of it? For Lottie was not an intelligent young woman, intending to be married, but a happy girl in love; and Rollo, though he knew better, was in love too, and wished for nothing better than these delightful confidences. The hours went by like a moment. They had already been aroused two or three times by the roll of baby carriages propelled by nursemaids before the greater volume of music from the Abbey proclaimed that service was over. "Already!" they both cried, with wonder and

dismay; and then, for the first time, there was a pause.

"I had so much to talk to you about," he said, "and we have not had time to say a word, have we? Ah! when can we have a good long time to ourselves? Can you escape your captain to-night, my darling? I should like to shake him by the hand, to thank him for taking care of you; but couldn't you escape from him, my Lottie, to-night?"

Lottie grew a little pale; her heart sank, not with distrust, but with perhaps a little, a very little disappointment. Was this still how it was to be? Just the same anxious diplomacies to secure a meeting, the same risk and chances? This gave her a momentary chill. "It is very difficult," she said. "He is the only one I have to take care of me. He would think it unkind."

"You must not say now the only one, my Lottie — not the only one — my substitute for a little while, who will soon have to give me up his place."

"But he will not like to give it up now; not till he knows; perhaps not even then — for his daughter, you know —"

"Ah! it was she who married Dropmore. Lottie, my love, my darling, I cannot live through the evening without you. Could you not come again, at the same time as last night? It is early dark, heaven be praised. Take your walk with him, and then give him the slip, and come here, sweet, there to me. I shall be watching, counting the moments. It is bad enough to be obliged to get through the day without you. Ah! it is the signor's day. The signor is all wrapped up in his music. He will never suspect anything. I will be able to see you at least, to hear you, to look at you, my lovely darling —"

After a moment said Lottie, "That was one thing I wanted to ask you about. You know why the signor gives me lessons. Will it be right *now* to go on with him? *now* that everything is changed? Should not I give them up?"

"Give them up!" cried Rollo, with a look of dismay. "My darling, what are you thinking of? They are more necessary, more important than ever. Of course, we will pay for them after. Oh, no fear but he will be repaid; but no, no, my love, my sweet, you must not give them up!"

She looked at him with something like anxiety in her eyes, not knowing what he could mean. What was it? Lottie could not but feel a little disappointed. It seemed that everything was to go on just the same.

"I shall see you there," he said; "so long as we are in the same place everything is sweet; and I have always taken so much interest in your dear voice that no one can suspect. And to-night you will come—promise me, my darling—just after the service, when it is getting dark?"

"Yes," she whispered, with a sigh—then started from his side. "I saw some one among the trees. The old chevaliers are coming up for their morning walk. Let me go now—you must let me go—Mr. Ridsdale——"

"Mr. Ridsdale! How can I let my Lottie go before she has called me by my right name?"

"Oh, I must not stay. I see people coming," said Lottie, disappointed, troubled, afraid of being seen, yet angry with herself for being afraid. "Mr. Ridsdale—Rollo, dear Rollo—let me go now——"

"Till it is time for the signor——" And he did let her go, with a hasty withdrawal on his part, for unmistakably there were people to be seen moving about among the trees, not indeed coming near their corner, yet within sight of them. Lottie left him hurriedly, not looking back. She was ashamed, though she had no cause for shame. She ran down the bank to the little path which led to the foot of the hill, and to the town. She could not go up and run the risk of being seen going home by the Dean's Walk. She drew her veil over her face, and her cheeks burned with blushes. She was ashamed, though she had done no wrong. And Rollo stood looking down after her, watching her with a still more acute pang. There were things which were very painful to him, which did not affect her. That a girl like Lottie should go away alone, unattended, and walk through the street, with no one with her, a long round, annoyed him beyond measure. He ought to have gone with her, or some one ought to be with her. But then what could he do? He might as well give up the whole matter at once as betray all he was meditating to his people in this way. But he watched her, leaning over the low parapet, with trouble and shame. The girl whom he loved ought not to go about unattended, and this relic of chivalry, fallen into conventionality, moved him more than greater things. He did not object, like Ferdinand, to let his Miranda carry his load for him; but it did trouble him that she should walk through St. Michael's by herself, though in the sweet security of the honest morning. Thus minds differ all over the world.

From The Saturday Review.

THE THINGS WE HAVE NOT.

AMONG all the various kinds of charm, whether inherent in the objects of our desires or woven round them by fine threads of association and circumstance, is there one more subtly enthralling than that which belongs to the things we do not possess? We can scarcely tell how much of the ethereal beauty of youthful dreams depends upon their inaccessible distance, for many other things conspire to steep them in a magical atmosphere. But when we have long ago emerged from that enchanted ground, and have reached the level table-land of middle life, there still are visions haunting us, some more, some less, but not wholly absent from the busiest and the sternest lives; there is still a halo surrounding some objects, which we could not, even if we would, entirely dispel. And of all the favorite spots about which this glamor hovers, there is none to which it clings so persistently as to the things we have not. In a sense this is true, of course, of what we have had and have lost. But that is a comparatively intelligible feeling, made up largely of regret, mixed with love and self-reproach, and bound up with many personal and perhaps even arbitrary associations. It is not the same as the strange bloom of ideal beauty which belongs for us to the things in which we have not, and never had, nor can hope to have, a share. Such things wear a kind of remote impersonal grace, which can be scattered by no rude touch of change or chance, and withered by no closeness of grasp. Our thoughts of them are culled from all the most perfect instances, and combined into a type which perhaps transcends experience. There is an incident in "Transformation" which shows how fully alive Hawthorne was to this idealizing faculty as exercised especially by those not in possession. In looking over Hilda's pictures some of her friends pause at one of a child's shoe, painted, as the author tells us, with a care and tenderness of which none but a woman who deeply loved children would have been capable, and which no actual mother would have been likely to bestow upon such a subject. Actual mothers no doubt have enough to do with their children's shoes without painting them. Possession brings an object into many disenchanting relations. Children themselves, however idolized by their mothers, can scarcely have for them that abstract visionary charm which they possess for the childless. No doubt the

joys of possession are far more intense and more richly colored than those of contemplation; but they have not the same half sacred remoteness, the same unchanging lustre. They are purchased by so many cares, often by so much toil, and exposed to so many risks, that enjoyment is often obscured by fatigue and anxiety. However, we need not disparage the delights of possession in order to enhance those of mere contemplation. These are pure enough and keen enough to need no adventitious aids. But their comparative excellence can scarcely be appreciated until after a certain rather severe discipline.

Perhaps no satisfying enjoyment gives so keen and sharply defined an impression of certain forms of happiness as does the eagerness of expectation, or the yearning gaze of privation and disappointment. Does any millionaire realize what money can buy so vividly as the struggling poor man does? He no doubt knows more about it; he finds out a thousand unexpected results in convenience and pleasure, and by practice becomes expert in devising gratifications the very possibility of which would not occur to the poor; but all these details necessarily distract his attention from the one radical and inestimable privilege of being once for all utterly beyond the reach of debt, difficulty, or anxiety in money matters, with its accompanying expansion in all the thousand directions in which our activity is limited by money. The fact of this freedom and all its details become familiar to him, but the keenest sense of its value belongs to those who are, or have very recently been, cramped by poverty. The gift of silence has a wonderful charm for great talkers; and we can hardly suppose that to any very beautiful woman outward symmetry means as much as it does to those who suffer for want of it.

Even in respect of opportunities of acquiring knowledge, the empty-handed have some advantages. Actual experience no doubt teaches more forcibly than any thing else. But it is necessarily absorbing and narrow. It does not leave room for the extensive observation of life which is possible to those whose personal share in it is least. A Roman Catholic priest probably knows more about family relations than any father of a family, though his wider knowledge is of course lacking in a certain fertilizing and corrective element, which is perhaps rather moral than intellectual. It would, however, be idle to deny the importance of a certain personal isolation in throwing open wide fields of

observation, which, through sympathy, may become almost as fruitful as the narrower province of personal experience. And sympathy is the form into which unsatisfied feeling is most easily transmuted. By its operation the possessions which for others are limited and accidental and transitory become for a few unchanging and all-pervading. Human nature and its circumstances are everywhere so much alike that those in whom a possession, lost or withheld, has called forth the faculties and feelings appropriate to it will never lack objects for their exercise. If to enter largely into the lives of others lays one open to many griefs, it also brings many joys; and neither can be so absorbing as if they were our own. To live in the experience of others means, at its best, to have a far wider range, and therefore sooner to attain to the calmness of maturity, than is possible to those whose experience is chiefly personal. We mean not the calmness of indifference, but the calmness of an habitual balance of feeling. For those who share in many lives there can scarcely ever be a period of unrelieved gloom, or of untempered brightness. A certain quiet serenity is the peculiar portion of those who are willing to pass through life empty-handed.

But, as we have said, this habitual acceptance of the universal in lieu of the personal can by most people be attained only as the result of keenly felt privation. Till we have at least hungered after some good thing for ourselves, we can scarcely recognize its full value for others. But if the chief end of life be, as may be plausibly maintained, to impress certain ideas upon the mind, it may be a question whether this end will be most effectually attained by actual experience or by privation; in other words, by positive or negative experience. There is a keenness and a persistency about our appreciation of the things which do not fall to our lot which is rarely found in regard of those we have. We may call the topmost grapes sour, but we gaze at them with an earnestness which we should hardly pause to bestow upon those within our reach; and it is odd if the flavor of those undevoured clusters does not haunt our imagination long after the sweetness of their swallowed brethren has been forgotten. Weak human nature would no doubt in general rather eat grapes than receive ever so perfect a mental impression of them; but as we rarely have our choice between these rival processes of experience, it is worth while to open our eyes to the merits

of both. Birds in the bush look better and sing more freely than they will ever do in the hand, and when we cannot catch them it is a pity if we cannot learn to sit down quietly and listen to them. And the birds of loveliest plumage and most exquisite song are those which cannot be enjoyed at all except in their native haunts. A lark in a cage charms us chiefly by recalling recollections of free larks, and humming-birds, we believe, have too exquisite a sense of the fitness of things ever to live in captivity. What indeed would they be to us without their liberty to flit from flower to flower? One might as well wish to tame a butterfly.

If we could weigh in a balance the things which can and those which cannot be appropriated, we might perhaps be surprised to find how very large a part of our happiness is derived from things which we cannot lose, because we can never possess them. Possession is of course a very vague word, capable of many different applications; but almost in proportion to the possibility and completeness of individual appropriation are the precariousness of our tenure and the weight of counterbalancing burdens. Sky, sea, and moorland, mountains and stars, music and poetry, will never fail, nor do they ever cost us an anxious thought, for they can never be ours. We had almost added flowers to the list; and all this is indeed true of the "jocund companies" of daffodils, and blue firmaments of wild hyacinths, and starry glades of wind-flowers, the sheets of heather and golden furze, and all the hosts of their wild compeers, who owe nothing to human care. It is even true, in a sense, of roses and lilies, jessamine and honeysuckles. But because these last are capable of becoming cherished nurslings, we cannot say of them that they never cost us an anxious thought. Other people's roses and our neighbor's lilies may give us unmixed pleasure; a purer, though less intense kind of pleasure than that which we derive from our own carefully nurtured plants. The most refined epicureanism would perhaps lead us to cultivate, above all, a taste for the thornless roses which blossom behind no garden hedge, for the unfading lilies which never grew on lawn or bed.

It is impossible to weigh the personal against the universal, the concrete possession against the abstract idea, and say from which the greatest enjoyment is derived in the long run; but certain it is that the one tends to displace the other. The growth of interest in what is universal

and abstract is rarely very rapid or very marked in lives filled to the brim with strong personal interests. What we have called negative experience is the choicest soil in which it can be made to bloom. If privations have not been endured, or have not been sharply felt, the mind is hardly ever roused to the keenest admiration of which it is capable; enjoyment ties it down, and lulls it to sleep, and limits its range. Nothing so throws open the doors of the soul and so irresistibly lures it outwards as to have gazed long and steadfastly upon some great natural source of happiness, only to learn that it is forever beyond our grasp. Minds elevated enough to take such an experience kindly are thenceforward undisputed heirs of such happiness in all its forms. They may not grasp it, and yet it can never elude their grasp. They know better than to wish it reduced to the narrow limits of their own personal belongings, for their eyes are satisfied with its perpetual presence all around them. Pleasure for them is transmuted into beauty, possession into contemplation. And contemplation is the one satisfying joy belonging to this world, for it alone has upon it a touch of eternity.

From The London Times.

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

ONE of the most interesting papers read in the Anthropological Section at the recent meeting of the British Association was by Professor Daniel Wilson, of Toronto, on the Canadian Indians. Professor Wilson showed that the Canadian Indians, instead of "melting away" before the civilized virtues and vices of the white man, have already been to a considerable extent absorbed, and the likelihood is that ultimately this absorption will be complete. At present, Professor Wilson maintains — and he has so mastered the subject that he has a right to speak — the blood of the so-called "red man" flows in the veins of every class of Canadian, from the highest to the lowest; and many of those who are treated by the government as "Indians" are as white as many of their "pale-faced" fellow-countrymen. This subject of the fate of the American Indian has been also engaging the attention of competent men in the United States, and the facts and statistics which have been collected appear to give the death-blow to the commonly accepted "blight" and "withering" theory.

An extremely interesting paper* on the subject, just published, by Lieutenant-Colonel Mallery, enters into the question of the former and present number of the Indians in so thorough a manner as to give confidence in the conclusions come to. Colonel Mallery, from his position on the United States Survey, has had every opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of the present condition and number of the Indians, and he has taken great pains to become acquainted with whatever records exist as to their past numbers. Colonel Mallery shows that the estimates of earlier writers are so varied as to be untrustworthy. Early travellers had no opportunity whatever of acquiring a knowledge of the Indian population of the North American continent, but naturally would exaggerate the number of those with whom they came into contact. Naturally, also, the natives from a wide district would crowd to the shores of the sea, river, or lake, which were the first visitors' only highways, and thus the latter would be led to form an exaggerated notion of the extent of the whole population. Colonel Mallery shows that before and long after the advent of the whites, the only regions where the Indians could find support were along the shores of the great rivers and lakes. If the successive waves of continental migration did originate on the Pacific coast, it is scarcely to be supposed that they crossed the arid plains only lately explored, or even the more eastern prairies, where, with all then existing facilities the support of life would have been most difficult. The savages relied at first mainly on fish, secondarily and later on the chase, and only in their last stages of development on agriculture, which, though a greater resource among some tribes than is generally understood, became so after their long-continued occupancy of regions near the Atlantic and great lakes. They could neither, before obtaining the horse, pursue to great advantage the large game of the open prairie necessary for their subsistence while passing it, nor transport stores before collected, and moved probably (as one route, others being also contended for) *via* the headwaters of the Mis-

issippi and the outlet of Lake Superior, resting on long lines and with little lateral spread, near rivers, lakes, and the ocean. The greater part of the districts east of the Rocky Mountains and some to their west, where the Indians are now, or in recent years have been found, and much of which was until recently charted as the "Great American Desert," was, in fact, a solitude when America was discovered, the population being then confined to the wooded borders of the traversing streams. Colonel Mallery adduces irrefutable evidence to prove that many Indian tribes now classed as prairie Indians were, when first met with and for long after, lake and river Indians. Early voyagers on the Mississippi and Lake Michigan met Indians only after many days', and even weeks', travel. Vermont and western Massachusetts and much of New Hampshire were left unoccupied. On early maps the low country from the Mobile River to Florida was marked vacant, and the oldest reports from Georgia assert with gratulation that there were scarcely any savages within four hundred miles of Savannah. Colonel Mallery adduces many other facts which, when grouped together, show how insignificant was the territory actually occupied by the natives before the European immigrants could possibly have affected their numbers or distribution, and how silly are any estimates obviously influenced by a calculation of the product of their number on some one square mile, multiplied by the figures expressing all the square miles embraced between the Atlantic and Pacific and certain degrees of latitude. The mounds of the Mississippi Valley certainly prove that at some time it held a large population; but the origin and period, connections, and fate of these so-called "mound-builders" are still *sub judice*. It is, however, conceded that they were agricultural, had several arts unknown to the historic tribes, and had passed away before the latter had come within our knowledge. The ethnologists and philologists, though so widely disagreeing in other respects, both admit that the actual distribution of the natives at the time of, and shortly after, their discovery, was as represented by Colonel Mallery, and the immediate practical inquiry concerns the tribes then and still known to us, rather than ancient inhabitants, whether or not the ancestors of these tribes.

This distribution rendered misconception of their numbers by the early whites almost unavoidable. The latter, using the natural and only readily available highways

* Two papers are in fact quoted from in this editorial, the titles of which are: "The Former and Present Number of our Indians," published in the "Proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science," Nashville Meeting, and "Some Common Errors Respecting the North American Indians," in the Bulletin of the Philosophical Society of Washington, both by Brevet Lieut.-Col. Garrick Mallery, Captain 1st Infantry, U. S. Army, detailed with the U. S. Geographical and Geological Survey of the Rocky Mountain Region in charge of Maj. J. W. Powell.

of ocean and river, met the Indians precisely where they were most numerous and stationary, and could not thoroughly explore the endless tracts where they only occasionally roamed, or which they entirely avoided; while the enormous distances of separation prevented any one traveller from actually seeing, and thereby distinguishing between, but a limited number of tribes. Even if an expedition through the wilderness were risked, the very presence of the explorers from obvious motives of curiosity, barter, or defence, would, as we have said, attract all the bands over many miles. Cunning and vanity, moreover, would induce every tribe to exaggerate its own importance, which there was at first no evidence to contradict. So late as 1829 Naw-Kaw, a Winnebago chief, attending a balloon ascent in the Battery in New York, where there was an immense crowd, and being asked if he had ever seen so many people together, replied haughtily, "We have more in our smallest villages." Considering that his whole tribe only mustered then about three thousand souls, this may pass as a creditable specimen of aboriginal brag, which, if government officials had not already become familiar through systematic fraud with the actual count of the Winnebagoes, would doubtless have been adopted as a faithful comparison to influence statistics, as has actually occurred with other chiefs, who, likening their few score warriors to "the leaves of the forest," have been seriously quoted. The early travellers received such tales with alacrity to enhance their own adventures, repeating them with the fabled reproductiveness of the three black crows, even when they did not imitate Falstaff in the multiplication of his men in buckram. Another potent cause of error in the enumeration of the Indians, extending even to modern times, and from which we are scarcely yet free, necessarily arose from the utterly confused synonyms. Not only had each of the tribes a variety of names among themselves, but the various English, French, and Dutch immigrants added to these names of their own coining so that one tribe might have a dozen different names, and each name has often been mistakenly held to apply to a different tribe.

The main explanations of the lately unquestioned law dooming all the American Indians to speedy death have been in their constant wars and the strange diseases introduced. As regards the latter small-pox has been the most fatal; but Colonel Mallery shows that its ravages have been no

greater among the Indians than among other races and other lands which recovered from it. Moreover, these ravages have been greatly exaggerated often, as may be seen from the report of the Canadian minister of the interior for 1876. In 1868 it was stated the Indians of Vancouver's Island had been nearly exterminated from small-pox, and that "hundreds of bodies lay unburied." After a full inquiry it was found that only eighty-eight Indians had died from the disease in the whole district throughout the entire year. The fact is that many Indians have died of small-pox, as did many Europeans before the days of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Dr. Jenner, and also that those who could run away from the danger, as more enlightened people do now, with the difference that the latter are brought back by the ties of real and personal property, which, not troubling the former, they ever after avoided a locality that in their theory of disease was the scene of demoniac wrath. It may be noted that this particular disease has ceased to be a scourge to the tribes, the reports of fifty-six agents in recent years not including any fatal case.

As to the destructive element of war, that was the normal condition of the Indians before the advent of the whites, who only added to the number of the combatants. The whites did not introduce extermination and dispossession, which were systematically carried out before they came by one or two of the most powerful tribes. The whites were never more systematic or successful in subjugation by force of arms than were several of the Indian leagues, and all we know of the prevailing customs of the continent tells us that war was with its natives a necessity for the assertion of manhood, if not a religious duty. Perhaps since the power of the white race has been established with restraining effect, there have been fewer and less bloody wars than were frequent for centuries before, and certainly for years past no whole tribe, and but a minority of individuals among very few of the tribes, have been on the war path against any other in the United States. No such conversion, then, from less to greater combativeness is apparent as would account for any important change in the Indian population. If warfare has been a chief cause of their decrease, they were on the wane long prior to their discovery. Of this, however, there is no evidence. Taking the Iroquois as a representative body of Indians, Colonel Mallery shows that they now number 13,668 souls, as against 11,650, thirteen years be-

fore the Declaration of Independence, being an increase of two thousand. This is not a solitary instance; and especially among the hybrids of Canada, New York, the Indian Territory, Massachusetts, and Wisconsin, has there been a steady increase during the past thirty or forty years. Figures are given to show that the Sioux Confederacy have quadrupled in one hundred and forty years, and doubled, at least, in twenty-nine years. Remarkable increase is shown in other tribes, notwithstanding war, disease, and whisky. It is at the same time admitted that in some of the western regions, especially California, the unusual barbarity of the brutal white has told seriously on the Indian population there, though not to nearly so great an extent as vague estimates would make out.

Only within the past four years has there been any official report of the births and deaths among several tribes sufficiently general to be of value. These official returns relate to over one hundred thousand Indians, belonging to nearly one hundred tribes, and the excess of births over deaths was found to vary from six-tenths to 2.32 per cent. Again, in former times only the strongest survived, weak children not being allowed to live, and old and diseased persons being often put out of the way. Only one of twins was allowed to survive, and generally the battle of life was only to the strong. Now, since the United States government protect and subsidize the Indians the latter are acute enough to see that it is to their interest to have as many mouths to feed and bodies to clothe as possible, and act accordingly.

Colonel Mallery then, from the data which he has collected, comes to the conclusion that when Columbus discovered America there were not more than five hundred thousand Indians to the north of Mexico, and that now, in the United States and Alaska alone, excluding Canada, there are something like three hundred thousand. If the Canadian Indians and hybrids were added to this it would probably turn out that the native population had not at least decreased. At all events it seems to us that Colonel Mallery has adduced strong reasons for hesitating to accept the "blight" and "withering" theory for the American Indians at least. That it does apply to other races with which the Anglo-Saxon at least has come into contact, there is only too good reason to believe. The last of the Tasmanians has gone, the years of the Sandwich Islanders are numbered, many other Pacific islands have been almost depopulated. As to Australia, we

wish some one would do for it what Colonel Mallery has done for North America. We believe the results for South America, if the native population question were carefully examined, would show that there also the decrease has been greatly exaggerated. To make a sweeping generalization as to the inevitable disappearance of white before black is absurd; what would be the use of Africa to the world if this were so? As to the future of the American Indian, both Colonel Mallery and Professor Wilson speak hopefully. The process of breaking in the savage to civilized ways of life must be slow. It cannot be done *per saltum*. How long did it take the European conglomeration of tribes to settle down and reach their present stage of culture? In Canada many so-called Indians are really as settled and civilized as the English peasant, perhaps, on the whole, more so; and if the Indians in the States had as fair play as their Canadian brethren, the process would be much more rapid than it is. At all events, the theory of disappearance by extinction seems now a most improbable one, and that by absorption is proved to be actually occurring. Indeed, the old, old drama which has been acted in Europe from the time of the cave-men until even now is being continued on the other side of the Atlantic; and the result a century or two hence may be a race more mixed, perhaps, than any in the old world, but with the English type of character dominant, and by its very mixture better able to cope with the conditions which prevail on a continent so different in many respects from Eurasia. Professor Huxley has shown how absurd it is to talk of purity of race; there is no such thing probably anywhere in the world, least of all in Europe, in whose population there are lower strains than even that of the North American Indian. We may state that some of the most eminent scientific inquirers in the United States share Colonel Mallery's opinions as to the increase of the Indians.

Colonel Mallery disperses a few other delusions with regard to the North American Indian, most people's idea of whom is derived from Cooper's fictions. He shows how they got their name of "red men"—from the fact that they were in the constant habit of coloring their faces with the ochre found in the soil. Their real color is brown, with many shades. No more common notion exists with regard to the Indians than their belief in one "Great Spirit," under names like Manitou, Taku Wakau, etc. A better acquaintance

with Indian traditions, and particularly with the etymology of its languages, shows that this also is a great delusion. The more learned missionaries are now not only agreed that a general creator or upholder never existed in aboriginal cosmogony, but that the much simpler belief in a superhuman Great Chief or ruler is a modern graft. However unpleasant, from a sentimental point of view, Colonel Mallery has done good service by his researches in abolishing beliefs which are so unfounded, and some of which are apt to be mischievous in their consequences.

From The Saturday Review.

THE ART OF GOING AWAY.

WE have heard it said that one of the most important social accomplishments is that of entering a room gracefully; but to our mind that of leaving one easily and judiciously is to be preferred. It is painful to see people anxious to beat a retreat from a call or visit, and yet apparently as unable to escape as rats in a trap, although nothing bars their egress, and all persons concerned would gladly dispense with their company. The art or science of departure both from localities and positions is worth studying in great as well as little matters. To understand when to bring to an end a morning call or a public career requires, in a lesser or greater degree, the exercise of the same faculty. No visitor is likely to be popular who has not the tact to leave at the proper time a house at which he may be staying; and no prime minister understands his business unless he recognizes the exact moment at which he ought to tender his resignation. Many cases at once present themselves to the mind in which the judicious exercise of the faculty of bringing things to a conclusion is necessary. It is one of the greatest merits of a novelist to know when to wind up his story, and the orator who can sit down at the right moment and in the right way is master of a good half of his art. Preachers sometimes complain that their greatest difficulty is that of concluding their sermons; but in this particular case there is little need for the exercise of any special ingenuity, as an abrupt but early ending is the fault, of all others, which is most readily pardoned by their hearers.

A bulky treatise might be written upon this subject if we had no scruple about violating our own precepts, but we only propose to look at it in some of its social

phases. We will not enlarge upon the advisableness of moderation in the length of morning calls, because we lately treated this matter in some detail; and to write an essay instructing people how to get away from their friends would be about as useful as an attempt to teach riding by means of a book. It would of course be easy to multiply palpable truisms on the subject, after the manner of the writer on etiquette who observed that it was ungentle to blow your nose with your table napkin. We might, for instance, point out that it is unnecessary for a nervous bore who has paid a call lasting three-quarters of an hour to announce his withdrawal by observing that he "*fears* he must go;" for his host would probably mentally reply, in the words of Sir Walter Scott, "Sinful brother, part in peace." Or we might inveigh against the habit to which some ladies are addicted, of waiting to say an interminable quantity of last words after they have risen to leave; but we have come to the conclusion that the regeneration of mankind on these matters is quite hopeless. Although, however, we have little expectation that the virtue of early departure will ever become common, we may point out the popularity of such a proceeding. It is often a doubtful question whether people will be much gratified by one's arrival, but it is almost always certain that they will be secretly glad at one's departure. At any rate, nobody suffers in the estimation of his friends by leaving them with an appetite for his society.

Few people have more or better opportunities of observing the idiosyncrasies of mankind in this matter than owners of country houses. It is often amusing to notice the various methods of intimating an exit which are adopted by different persons in any houseful of guests. Some will try to break the distressing news gently, as if they were afraid it would overwhelm us with grief, expressing their fears that they "*really must go*" on such or such a day, probably a later day than they were expected to remain; and it is lucky if the unavoidable regrets expressed by their entertainer do not call forth a reply that they "*will do their best to stay a little longer*." Others hint indirectly that they are going to deprive you of the pleasure of their company by inquiring where they may obtain flies; while some, on the other hand, say not a word till the carriage is at the door to take them away. Between ignorance as to when some of the guests intend to leave and the sudden departure of others,

a host is often thrown into a state of considerable perplexity. To add to these and the other cares of hospitality, some visitors, especially maiden ladies, are apt to bother him about their intended journey for several days beforehand, expecting him to study "Bradshaw" for their edification. At last perhaps they find that they "can't get" to their proposed destination in one day, or at any rate in time for dinner; and therefore they determine to remain a few days longer in their present quarters. When the time arrives for a party of the guests to start for the station, one or two will very likely keep their entertainer in a state of nervous anxiety by making no visible preparations for a start; the servants of others will not be forthcoming, although their masters and mistresses are ready, the carriages at the door, and the luggage on the top of them. Two or three people will want change, too evidently for the purpose of tipping the servants, and the mind of one will be concentrated upon the mysterious disappearance of his umbrella, that of another upon the non-arrival of a letter which he expected that morning, and which he will wish to be carefully forwarded to a place with an unpronounceable Welsh name. When the host's mind is occupied with these matters, one of his visitors will probably call his attention to a telegram in the morning papers; and, just as he is about to bid a graceful farewell to the most important of his guests, there will very likely be an outcry that somebody's fly has not arrived, and a rush will have to be made to the stables, where there will be a scramble to provide a conveyance of some sort at a moment's notice. The worst case of all is when a departed guest suddenly reappears, hot and flurried, having left some of his belongings behind him. Seizing his lost property, he wishes his host a breathless good-by, and, springing into his fly with a bounce and a bang, shuts the door, hoarsely calling to his driver to go on as quickly as possible lest he should miss his train. Fortunate and worthy of all praise is he who succeeds in taking his leave easily and courteously, saying the right thing at the right moment, and calmly going away without fuss or hurry.

There is a proper time for everything, and not least for going away. We must not be misunderstood as implying that, as a universal rule, the sooner our guests leave us the better. On the contrary, there are few greater social nuisances than the premature loss of an important member of a well-assorted party. Perhaps everything has been arranged with the best

prospect of success when it suddenly turns out that the most desirable guest of all, who had been expected to stay a week, can only remain for a couple of days. The welcome visitor who leaves too soon is a great offender, and his sin is aggravated when it leads to the extra stay of a decided bore. But a considerable knowledge of character is required by the guest who would stay or go exactly at the right time. It is sometimes difficult to discover whether his host is telling the truth or politely lying when he presses him to remain. The proper hour of the day for leaving is also a matter of some moment. The visitor who goes away at an inconvenient time often gives an immensity of trouble. Many a half-day is wasted by people having to wait at home in order to see a guest off. It is of course desirable to use the most convenient trains, but it is not desirable that a whole household should be disarranged in order that one man may catch an express. It were better that a guest should be an hour longer on his journey than that he should put his entertainer to inconvenience by starting at an awkward moment; for he should remember that his host's recollection of him and his visit will probably be a good deal associated with the occasion of his departure, and it is therefore highly important that that association should be agreeable. One of the greatest difficulties in bidding farewell to a host is to convey to him the impression that you have enjoyed yourself. Expressions of thanks for a pleasant visit are apt to have a stereotyped and conventional ring about them. A hospitable man likes to know that his friends have been happy; but when each of them mutters a sort of little grace on his departure, he feels that they are but paying him an ordinary social compliment, for he knows that they thank their entertainers wherever they go as regularly as they tip the servants. Indeed we once heard of an absent and nervous man who, as he was getting into the carriage which was to convey him to the station, inadvertently tipped his host and thanked the butler for his pleasant visit.

There are unhappy mortals who are so utterly ignorant of the art of departure that more or less decisive measures have to be taken to induce them to leave at all. It is a distressing episode when a visitor has to be assisted in making up his mind to go away, in much the same manner as a lame dog is said to be helped over a stile. It is hard to say which appears the greater fool under such circumstances — the guest or his host. A man is in a decidedly false

position when, having enticed another into his house, he is unable to coax him to go out of it again. If the art of departure is difficult, that of ejection is still harder to learn. The reversal of the engines of hospitality is a very undignified proceeding. There are people who are quite callous to all hints that they have stayed long enough. The deterioration of the champagne, the increasing lightness of the claret, the disappearance of the satin damask furniture under loose covers, and even the feigned indisposition of the host, have no effect on such gentlemen. They say that there is nothing they like so much as to be with you when you are quite alone, nor will anything persuade them to be so faithless and ungrateful as to leave you until you are completely restored to health. As regards the little manœuvre about the wine, they will seize the opportunity for a conversation on the subject of vintages, and put a strain upon your temper and your veracity by making inquiries as to the age of the special fluid with which you are endeavoring to starve them out. We must not conclude without a word on the constantly recurring difficulty of getting our friends to go off to bed. When wearily sitting up with our guests in the smoking-room to abnormal hours, how anxiously we watch their cigars becoming shorter and shorter! and how mortifying it is, when we think that the happy moment has at last arrived, and that we are to be allowed to retire to rest, to see them calmly light fresh cigars before throwing away the ends of the old ones! But sometimes non-smokers are little better behaved. Repeated hints that it is getting late seem merely to have the effect of making our visitors congregate on the hearthrug; and, just as we are hoping for a real move, a wretch firmly fixes his back against the mantelpiece, and deliberately proceeds to open the Eastern question. We devoutly wish we could put a stop to his untimely lecture as abruptly as we can conclude an article.

From The Saturday Review.
SOCIAL HYPOCRITES.

MORALISTS are fond of vaguely advising people to "be themselves," and of assuring them that all is well so long as a man dares to be to his own self true. The value of this counsel, of course, entirely depends on the sort of self with which each person happens to be endowed. Soc-

rates, who knew a good deal about his own character, asserted that, if he had been true to himself, he would have been one of the greatest scoundrels of an age peculiarly fertile in unredeemed blackguards. He would have danced a *pas de deux* with Hyperbolus on the comic stage, instead of figuring as a well-meaning but nebulous professor in a basket. Many people must have the same sort of knowledge of themselves, though they may not be as free-spoken as Socrates. Many a fast freshman, many a noisy subaltern, knows in his inmost heart that he would rather "make hay" in Arcadia than in his friends' rooms; that he would rather sketch than ride a screw in a steeplechase; and that his true self takes more pleasure in the society of his maiden aunts than in that of sporting prophets. He feigns to be what he is not, in the hope that perhaps some day he may really become the sort of character that he admires and imitates. Men of this kind are social hypocrites, and the world is full of them.

The hypocrite is not a popular character; but Heaven forbid that we should judge him harshly. Take him at his worst, take Tartufe or Uriah Heep, and you find a man who has at least a vision of virtue, and who may be supposed to have put himself in training for virtuous courses. Why should he not become "subdued to that he works in," and, by constant practice, catch the trick of righteousness? Probably there is some reason in the nature of things which works against this happy result of a hypocritical career. The sort of "eminent Christian" who robs widows' houses (as the Free Church ministers complain when preaching about the City of Glasgow Bank and its directors) generally breaks down before the close of his beneficent career. Few lies live to old age, and the lie of hypocrisy is apt to be discovered just when discovery is least convenient. The practice of the virtues somehow does not become a habit of the proper and ethical sort. One may doubt whether the practice of the conduct which is socially acceptable becomes more truly the second nature of the social hypocrite. Is he ever quite at his ease in his disguise? However that may be, his failures are not so disastrous and so conspicuous as those of eminent Christian bank directors.

The most notoriously offensive social hypocrite is, to our minds, the man of sham geniality. Concerning even a real genuine "genial man" it may be plausibly urged that he is often intolerable, as he is almost always tolerant. He insists on

calling people "good fellows," "excellent fellows," whom you know by instinct to be pestilent creatures, narrow, conceited, and envious. By a peculiarity of vision which must make life very enjoyable, the genial man is blind to these things, and no doubt he is the happier for his blindness. But that does not make him any the better companion to people of lower animal spirits, people who are not always in the very pink of mental, moral, and physical condition. On the whole, however, people of thoroughly healthy minds and bodies seem to be the majority in this world — a thought which should be a great comfort to the philosopher who takes wide views — because we do find genial people decidedly popular. Hence the temptation to be a *faux bonhomme*, which naturally besets men of a certain weight and physical conformation who are not naturally genial. A man can hardly be genial under twelve stone; but it is not desirable that all persons who scale over that weight and are florid and unctuous should try to be genial. The result of their efforts is the existence of the most annoying sort of social hypocrite, the man who slaps backs out of malice aforethought, sits up late and drinks toddy when he would be in bed if he listened to what the inner spirit sings, and who gives an exuberant welcome to people whom he heartily wishes never to see. A great many doctors, and a great many lawyers, with a sprinkling of the ministry of our Dissenting brethren, are falsely genial. It would be interesting to know whether they are aware that they impose on but few persons, while they inspire the rest of the world with a wild desire to rush on them, to rumple their shirt fronts, tear their broadcloth, and beat them on the nose. They would be much less unpleasant if they were frankly bearish — if they were, in fact, their own disagreeable selves. They are execrable imitations of a type which less than most endures to be imitated. It is agreeable to believe that they are generally mistrusted, that they are always on the point of being found out, and that they compensate themselves for the open exercise of a brusque yet oily courtesy and good-will in public by bullying their families at home.

The sham man of the world is another most uncomfortable and uneasy social hypocrite. The poor wretch has a little taste perhaps and some literary ability; he took a very fair degree at college (where he posed as a hunting-man and a player of loo); he is not unsuccessful as a scholar, a professor, a writer, a popular preacher.

What he does naturally — namely, his work — he does well enough; what he does detestably is the thing that is not natural to him — his play. The late ingenious Lord Byron, if we are to believe Leigh Hunt and Mr. Trelawny, was the very crown and flower of this class of social hypocrite. His great natural gifts as a man of the world, his strength, his beauty, his wit, his success with women, were alloyed and impaired by his even more extraordinary poetic powers. The two sides of his nature clashed and made him miserable, and he always preferred and longed for the trivial fame of a man like Luttrell. The common man of letters who wishes to seem a man of the world is probably, with his limited power of feeling, not much happier than Byron. He never can be persuaded that, if he were not a man of letters, he would be nothing. He is always craving for the reputation of the *roué* or the deer-stalker, of the *shekarri* or the athlete. It is not his Latin prose (which is not so bad) that he plumes himself on, but his riding, and he rides like a sack of potatoes. He knows a number of things; but he will talk about the things he does not know, such as jockeys, weights, and handicaps. He tries to be the fit companion of young military men; and, when he writes, he mentions "pedants" and "book-worms" as if he were not himself a member of the brotherhood. He is the pedant of fly-fishing, the prig of cricketing or boating shop. Every one is a "pedant" in his eyes who writes about distant times in a tone that is not rollicking, and who writes correctly where *he* writes at random. If the contempt of scholars, the amusement of men of the world, and the admiration of people who are neither the one nor the other is a desirable reward, the sham man of the world does not lack his guerdon. He is most offensive, perhaps, when, being a popular preacher by his trade, he haunts billiard-rooms, and tries to win a reputation for his knowledge of risky stories. Bad as are the ignoramus who affects knowledge and the vulgar man who affects distinction, the shame-faced braggart scholar escaped from his cloister into mess-rooms and drawing-rooms is even more distasteful.

The refined men who pretend to a healthy, blustering quality are comparatively innocent impostors. Nature urging them to speak softly and to walk delicately, they must needs strut and shout for fear of being thought effeminate. They hold vague opinions, and vaguely believe in their casual creeds; but to hear them talk,

or to read their writings, you would suppose them all to be Cromwells or Knoxes. Mr. Carlyle has much to answer for in regard to this class of humbugs. They are always saying that "the ratepayers will have Lord Lytton's head," or whatever head may be in question, and giving the world to understand that they are on the side of the bloodthirsty ratepayers. They long for rebellions in distant colonies that they may preach the virtues of flogging, of tar-caps, and of military executions. To tell the truth, they could not endure the sight of blood, and their hearts are as tender and womanish (if women's hearts are tender) as their theological opinions are casual and undetermined. Yet, when they treat of the past of theology, or the present restoration of St. Albans, they speak as if they were convinced Calvinists or "hard-shell" Puritans, as if the stool of Jenny Geddes lay ever ready to be thrown at the first representative of "black prelacy" who comes within shot. These deluded persons have a feminine admiration of brute force. Some of them adore Cromwell and others Robespierre, while the charms of that conqueror Henry VIII. still prevail over the ladylike minds of others. The result is to be found in the insincere noise of much modern rhetoric which is poured from a dozen very various pulpits. The fires of Smithfield would be nothing to the conflagrations of to-day if all the pseudo-strong-minded writers had a period of power, and did not run away and hide when their chance came.

The distrust of self, a fine and engaging diffidence, seems to be the motive of most social hypocrites. The sham genial man and the sham man of the world no doubt hope to gain something, some commercial or social reward by their travesty. The others whom we have described find a dubious recompense in the power of occasionally believing that they really are what they try to seem—bluff, brutal, overbearing, roughly simple, destitute of distinction, and hopelessly commonplace. That prize, after all, is nearly as valuable as most of those which an approving and self-satisfied conscience can confer.

From The Spectator.

CHARACTER AND POSITION.

MODERN life is passing, slowly and not always steadily, but still decidedly, through a great revolution, now nearly achieved. The relation of equality is gradually eclips-

ing every other, that of inequality, where it does survive, taking its least noble form, as most things do in their decay. The poor are still, on this side of the Atlantic, deferential to the rich, but save in that questionable aspect, there is no such thing as looking up or looking down,—we survey each other on a level. The change has been considerably more rapid since the French Revolution, but on a broad view we recognize it as the change from ancient to modern society. Ancient society was essentially unequal; liberty meant domination. The relation of master and slave, separating the social world by a deep chasm which kindness may have bridged, but which it was never dreamed that justice would fill, was the type, at least in the Roman world, of almost all the relations which existed between human beings. All the important relations of life were unmutual. The duties involved were correlative, not common. Neither the son nor the wife had rights against the husband and father; their right attitude was submission, his was a just and temperate use of authority. Obedience was the right thing for the majority, and a man no sooner ceased to obey than he was at liberty to command. The ideal of democracy is the exact opposite of all this. It has exchanged the idea of correlative for that of common duty, and in stripping virtue of its specific character it has made human relation less organic, and more monotonous.

One result of this change, obvious enough when sought for, seems to us to have been inadequately noticed, and some injustice is the result of forgetting the much greater strain that has been put upon character, since position has lost its importance. Those who have been educated under the old ideal almost always judge too severely those whose characters have been moulded under the new. A person, for instance, whose youth has been embittered by severity, looks with amazement on the unthankfulness and captiousness of those whose parents have always treated them as equals. Had the yoke suddenly been made so light to him, what devotion, what boundless submission would have been too much for his gratitude! He forgets that no one can be as grateful for a yoke never being put on, as for its being taken off. He does not know that a whole new class of difficulties emerge, when the relation changes from an unequal to an equal one. No one can measure, till he has tried it, the difference that is made in any relation by the fact that

it leaves space for criticism. A man educated under such a *régime* as that of J. S. Mill's childhood and youth, for instance, feels one aspect of the character painfully. But he never supposes himself to see more than one aspect. His taste is not hurt, his sense of the becoming is not jarred, he has no formed conceptions of what his father ought or ought not to do, to be crossed and disappointed. Above all, he has, as long as he deems himself bound to submit to his parents, no sense of corporate responsibility with them. He has one trial to bear instead of many. The one may be heavy enough to outweigh the many, but then it must be heavier than is compatible with the average experience of parental care and discipline, we trust, at any time. The old man who remembers a cowed and anxious youth imagines the young people he sees about him have to deal with a single aspect of character as he had, only that it is a more pleasing aspect. But the truth is that whereas he felt the faults of one side of the nature, they feel the faults of the whole.

The two ideals are contrasted most distinctly when they are exhibited in the same person. A proud and sensitive character excites admiration by forbearance and self-control under a heavy yoke. Unreasonable claim has been submitted to, unprovoked harshness or arrogance forgiven, irritation and annoyance have been put down with a strong hand, and a stern dutifulness has kept the relation which was merely irksome sound and active, till it is ended by death. "Now," it is thought, "we shall see the sweetness of the nature. If so much was achieved under difficulty and restraint, what will be the result of removing all difficulty and restraint? If such blossoms sprang from a sterile soil, what will not the plant produce, transplanted into a garden?" Such anticipations probably never failed of disappointment. There are, indeed, all sorts of reasons why they should be disappointed, but the one we are considering is enough. Forbearance exercised under a sense of dominion is no guarantee whatever, except in the sense that every good quality is a preparation for every other, for forbearance exercised in an attitude of criticism. The mind, in the position of subjection, enjoys absolute repose from all questioning of the limits of responsibility. It is difficult to allow for the added distaste and disapproval of every course disliked and disapproved, if we have only once allowed ourselves to ask, "Can I prevent it?"

Where deference ends, criticism begins.

We do not mean anything nice or subtle by criticism. We speak of something that may be carried on quite as well in the housekeeper's room and the servants' hall as in the library or the parlor. The master whose service is accepted on the basis of contract — so much money from the one party, so much service from the other — is seen, by the best of servants, in a less gracious light than that in which an average servant regards one whom he remembers as the son of his father's superior, who was an object of interest to him before he was aware of merit or demerit, who stands, in a word, in a certain relation to him which will did not create and cannot annul. The subservience of tenant to landlord may not be thought a very noble relation. Perhaps not, but still it is, or at least it was a relation. There was something stable about it, something that veiled demerit and set merit in its most becoming light, something that checked the restlessness of human choice, and gave respect and consideration time to grow. Under the influence of modern democracy, all this is fast disappearing. Respect is given only where it is seen to be due to something in the character. Every one must stand on his own merits. This may appear at first sight a great gain. Reverence for goodness and wisdom, it may be thought, will stand forth more distinctly, when there is no reverence for anything else. We question whether experience corroborates that belief. As long as we respect each other for position, we are judging something we *can* judge. Whether these two individuals are father and son, husband and wife, is not matter of controversy. What may be their due meed of respect or consideration, if they are to be judged on their merits, will be subject of endless controversy. As long as the family rule is in theory monarchic, as long as the duty of son or wife is mapped out in a rough but definite simplicity, the ideal may be difficult to act upon, but there is no other difficulty in the case. But when the one thing that settles our relation to each other is character, we are moulding our views of duty on something that is often shifting, and difficult to ascertain when it is permanent. There are crises in life when intercourse with those who were absolutely ignorant of a man's character would be not only the pleasantest, but actually the best thing that could happen to him. He needed encouragement, perhaps, and no one could have given encouragement who knew the facts of the case. He wanted an atmosphere of trust, and a

knowledge of his character rendered such an atmosphere impossible. It was possible for him to act upon anticipations of good which it was impossible for any one intimate with him to form. Of course really to know the character would be to know its latent possibilities of good; to see that something there was able, as Mr. John Morley finely says, to "cast out the corpse of the dead self;" but such insight as this is impossible to human eyes, and we are certain that the best substitute for perfect knowledge, in such circumstances, is absolute ignorance. All knowledge less profound is in such a case misleading.

We allude to rare crises in the history of the human spirit, but something of the kind belongs to the experience of most of us. Who has not felt the wonderful relief of a sojourn among those who were ignorant of his faults? Not, surely, that there is any real relief in imposture, not that in supporting a feigned character there is anything but torment. No, what he really feels must be the escape from ignorance, not from knowledge. The anticipation of blunders and sins, irrational as the statement sounds often, necessitates blunders and sins. There is — would that we could stamp the warning on the heart of a single parent — a creative power in confident expectation. What others expect us to be, even if nothing would more gladden them than to be surprised, it needs strength of mind not to be. Anticipation, however reluctant, seems to cut a path through the tangle, and even if we know it leads far away from our goal, we are apt to find ourselves treading it.

"But why," it may be urged, suppose anticipation busy on the side of evil alone, "why may not the difficulty of mutual apprehension tend to leniency, as well as severity?" We can only say that as a matter of fact it does not. In this imperfect world our faults invite notice much more actively than our virtues. Evil is everywhere far more obvious than good. "*Le crime est bruyant par sa nature, la vertu est silencieuse par la sienne.*" We forget years of unwearied benefaction in the unkindness of a moment, and a burst of temper outweighs, in its effect on the critical judgment, a long course of forbearance. It is not true that "the evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones;" rather the evil that men do lives contemporaneously with them, while the good often waits their disappearance to emerge distinctly. Memory, we believe, is almost always just; but when

memory speaks, the time is past for justice to be much else than pain.

If such be the difficulty of any true judgment of character, it may well be thought a loss that the general tendency of social relations has been towards getting rid of those views of life by which respect is claimed on other ground than that of merit. The change is part of a great revolution, which it is idle to arraign or to deplore. It would be wishing to change the whole progress of society, as it is known to history. The abolition of perhaps the most unmixed evil known to history, slavery, is but the first step of this process; and every fresh link in the chain is, in some sense and to some degree, a development of liberty. Still, we see no inconsistency in approving some steps in this direction, and disapproving others. There is no inconsistency in rejoicing in a mild spring day, and dreading the sultry heat of August. There is no disloyalty to the will that has decided on the laws of history, in seeing that, like all other laws known to us, they have their disadvantages. Respect for position, we believe, is a sort of sheath which shields while it only temporarily hides character, allowing it to emerge brighter and keener. We have got rid of the sheath, and there is no use sighing for it back again. But there is great use in recognizing and allowing for our loss, in recognizing the difficulties — not yet consecrated by any traditional attention — of the relations of equality. We do not think, indeed, that as far as the inferior is concerned they are as yet recognized at all. It is seen to be a loss to the superior that he should not be deferred to, but the superior difficulty of justice, as compared with submission, is hardly yet realized. Perhaps the difficulty may diminish. It may be that we are passing through a transition stage, combining the difficulties of both ideals, for such a stage is never recognized till it is past. For the present, the difficulty of justice and the difficulty of deference are increased by the difficulty of choosing between them, and the wisdom of those who find themselves thus entangled is that each should remember — what indeed is perhaps the only antidote to the greater part of human misapprehension — that the one thing certainly common to both parties is difficulty. Such a conviction at least inspires that spirit of indulgence without which, from such imperfect beings as we are, there is no such thing as justice.

From The Spectator.

WEATHER PROPHECIES.

WE are always talking about the weather, always interested in it, always trying to foretell it, always grumbling at it, or delighted with it. How long will it be before we know all about it? And what will life be like when we do? Weather prophecies have hitherto been interesting merely as guesses about a subject which interests us all. Did any one ever come across the absurdest of prophetic almanacs without glancing at that day's prediction to see what the prophet had made of it? Our memories have been stored with sayings about the weather which we learned as children, and which since then have always been at hand to encourage us when they happened to fall in with our wishes; while if they did not, we could remember failures enough to justify us in disregarding them, and hoping for the best. "Evening red and morning grey," has cheered us a little on the cloudiest of mornings; while such sayings as "Rain before seven, fine at eleven," are so delightfully easy to remember, as almost to suggest the idea that the rhyme must have been considered in the general arrangement. All these rules, however, have admitted of numerous exceptions, but prophecy is now beginning to assume a different aspect. Storms announced as coming do actually come, with more or less violence, as the case may be, and perhaps a little uncertainty in point of time, like slightly unpunctual friends, but nevertheless, they come. Many people may be still inclined to look upon these announcements rather as interesting guesses than in any more practical way. But we are beginning to recognize the fact that if the aim is not always quite accurate, we have to deal with something very different from the random shooting of the makers of almanacs, who were as likely as not to put "stormy" or "much rain" opposite a sultry day in the midst of a fortnight of parching sunshine. We may hope, as we go on board the steamer at Newhaven, that the rough weather which was threatened for that particular day will not prove to be anything very dreadful, and we may dwell upon the hopeful opinion expressed by the sailor whom we consulted before we made up our minds to start. But half-way across to Dieppe, in the agonies of a horrible passage, we remember the prediction, if we do not forget the sailor. And with our ever-increasing faith comes the inclination to dream of a time when it shall

have a wider range. This is the day of small things, but may there not be a day of greater things reserved for us?

If we were able to foretell the changes of the weather for some little time to come, as certainly and as accurately as eclipses are foretold, there would be a good many obvious advantages in the knowledge. We should have no more pageants ruined by an unlucky choice of day, like the opening of the Paris Exhibition, no dragged processions moving under a leaden sky, no crowds of soaked spectators, ankle-deep in mud. Our fireworks would always go off, and our decorations, designed for the sun to shine on, would not be spoilt by the persistent beating of the rain. Our picnics would not always be fixed for the wettest days in the summer, and when we had carefully planned a month's holiday, we should not begin it exactly as the settled weather broke up. But we should very soon discover that our former ignorance had had its unsuspected compensations. Perhaps the first disadvantage that would strike us in the new state of affairs would be the inconvenient crowding which must result from our increased knowledge. We should all be doing the same thing at the same time. Solitude might be enjoyed in a thick fog or a succession of thunderstorms, but every fine day would be like a cheap excursion, when we should turn out with most of our fellow-creatures, and visit beautiful places in troops. That happiness which consists in contemplating the happiness of others would be ours in a far greater degree, but at times we might half wish to recall the days of uncertainty, when holidays were tickets in a lottery, and we took our chances of disappointment together with the chance of a somewhat more solitary enjoyment. And apart from all selfish thoughts, we should really have something to regret. While we utilized all our fine weather with calculating discretion, how often we should miss the glimpses of beauty which sometimes brighten a wet day! We should lose the gleam of sunlight and tender blue between two heavy showers, the momentary lighting-up of dripping foliage, the sudden splendor flaming in the west in some loneliness of soaked heather and spongy turf. It would require great strength of will to face the inevitable drenching, with a deliberate intention of seeing such things; to ignore the warnings of anxious relatives, prophesying severe colds, and to suppress an uneasy suspicion that possibly it might be rather an idiotic thing to do. And if one did go, defying all possi-

bilities of later repentance, it would be to find that half the charm was gone with the unexpectedness. Though the best point of view might be secured at the precise moment when the weather cleared up, there would be no securing the best mood in which to enjoy the sight. It would be like getting up on purpose to see the sun rise at an unreasonable hour, when one is full of unchristian sentiments. One would be studying oneself all the time to ascertain whether the splendor really did give pleasure enough to make up for the discomfort it had cost, and thus weighing it in the balance, the decision would inevitably be that it did not. It is different when all the weariness and discouragement have been involuntarily endured, and we are helplessly resigned to the day's failure. Such glimpses of loveliness come then as pure bounty and delight, because we have expected nothing, and nothing is expected of us. That is the real charm, whether we go through much or little before we arrive at it, and to own the honest truth if our weather knowledge came to such perfection that it was possible to announce a peculiarly beautiful atmospheric effect to be seen without any trouble at half past three some afternoon, it would be enough to make one take up a book and turn one's back on the window. It is not everybody who can find pleasure in being "personally conducted."

And how much drearier would our wider knowledge make all dreary weather! We should provide for our rainy days in a new sense. All the tiresome duties of life that could possibly be put off would be reserved for the dull time which was known to be at hand. We should go sadly to bed when a bright week was over, and wake up on the fated morning to the gloomy horror of a thick fog, and the remembrance of the arrears of work which we detested. We are told now that our letters are not as charming as the gossiping letters of old times. The penny post has spoiled them, they say, the swift diffusion of news through other channels, and the feverish hurry of the age. But what will the letters of our descendants be like, when they are all written on the dullest days in the calendar? One wonders, too, what new and harmless subject of talk will be found for people who have no ideas in common. No doubt they will not immediately cease to speak of the weather. "Old use clings," and after the conversation of ages, we must surely be born with a natural bias in that direction. But in course of time the habit must be lost;

they will look on nature with different eyes, and the old weather proverbs of our ancestors will be as useless to them as bows and arrows to our volunteers. It will become impossible then for any one to please himself with the happy fancy that the skies are smiling on his little projects, and that the slant ray of sunshine which broke through the rain-clouds to shine on the way by which he went to some new enterprise was a hopeful sign. We do not seriously believe it now, and yet there is something pleasantly encouraging in it, as in the parting smile and good wishes of a friend. Nature is so endlessly varying in her moods, that it needs an effort to realize that she takes no heed of ours. But there must be an end of such dreams of sympathy, if we learn to foresee her moods more certainly than our own. We have already given up the comets, which used to rush through space that they might be present at important periods in the world's history, hanging terribly in the heavens at the birth of a hero or the destruction of a city; and the eclipses, conveying threats in their mysterious shadows; but it does seem a little hard, that all our wonderful hopes and fears should not influence so much as a chance ray of sunshine on a cloudy day. "Happy the bride the sun shines on," has been said at many weddings, with its touch of superstition and old-fashioned poetry, but we can hardly repeat it when our knowledge of the weather increases till the wedding-day is carefully arranged with a view to the sunshine. Not only must we give up all thought of sympathy, but we should even feel a double-lack of it when we saw nature's moods not only varying in quick succession, but varied at the same moment. When we hear of some great catastrophe now, we sometimes look back and endeavor to recollect how it was with us at that moment, but we can never realize it now as we might realize it then. With wider knowledge, what terrible storms there would be under cloudless skies for those who had husbands or sons at sea, how strange would be that silent presence of the tempest on a windless afternoon, and with what ghostly distinctness they would hear the labor of the straining ship and the fierce rush of the waves, when not so much as a poplar-leaf quivered overhead.

But though it might be easy, it is perhaps hardly worth while to pursue the fancy further. It is not near enough as yet to make it worth much consideration. We may merely remark that if we ever

do learn to foretell the weather, there is one discontented class to whom the knowledge will indeed be a boon. The farmers will feel that they have a wider scope. Hitherto they have only been able to grumble at weather past and present, but when they can grumble also at the weather of the future, their sombre horizon will be rounded and complete.

From The Spectator.
ENDURANCE AND FATALISM.

It has been said that every people which adopts Christianity as its creed assimilates to itself out of that system the teaching which suits its nature, and rejects the teaching with which it finds in itself no inherent sympathy. The remark, though cynically intended, is in one way a testimony to the truth of a creed in which all natures, however different, find encouragement and restraint, and it is undoubtedly in great part true of the British people. They feel and accept, not in practice always, but still as a theoretic ideal, a great deal of Christianity, but they reject a great deal more. They ignore altogether Christ's speeches about wealth, which, whatever he taught about it, he meant should be a very secondary object; they slur over his personal and direct testimony to the equality of men before the Lord; they "wait for the explanation" of what certain "socialistic" utterances mean; and as to his teaching about submission, they repudiate it altogether. The business of a Mahomedan, they say, is to be resigned; an Englishman must struggle with adversity, even if no hope remains. His duty is war, not submission; grumbling, not content; effort, not resignation; and if anybody teaches the contrary, why, he is either a fatalist, or a weakling, or a man given to suggesting "counsels of perfection" as guides for the every-day life of a world in which the man who does not contend is sure to be crushed down in the endless stampede. Everything, says the Englishman, except death, can be prevented or remedied, and ought to be; and that man is most to be respected who gives way the least, even before the inevitable. Success in a struggle, not peace, is the Englishman's object; to assert his own individuality, not to yield to any higher power. So deeply rooted is the feeling, that if the *Spectator*, which preaches free-will about five times a week, chances to remark of a misfortune which it believed to have been

unpreventable that "it taught the lesson of endurance," it is pelted with the cries of "fatalism," and accused of wishing to suspend effort, while a majority of Englishmen would utterly reject the Massachusetts senator's prayer. He was asked in writing by some impertinent journalist to explain, also in writing, his views as to a future state, for the public benefit, and replied, if we remember aright, "I do not know much about it, and I never feel certain, but I do in my better moments hope strongly that I shall go to another world, where I shall find less friction and no editors." The Englishman would have hoped for a world in which he specially should always have strength to overcome the friction.

So far as this spirit is the outcome of energy, or of combativeness against the curable evils of the world, it has, we need not say, our most hearty sympathy—though we can see also the beauty for some natures of the Catholic notion of resigned submission and retreat—but we are not fully assured that energy is the root of it all. The grumbler is not always the worker, or the fighter either. We think we trace some of it at least, possibly a good deal of it, to a much lower impulse,—that passion for comfort and ease which is now so strong that it grows destructively angry when anything interferes with it, which would punish the heavens for hailing, if it could, and which at heart utterly rejects the notion that Providence can be stern. We noticed the strength of that passion fifteen years ago, during the discussion on eternal punishment, marking with pain that while the argument which moved thinkers was the disproportion between finite guilt and infinite penalties, the argument which moved the multitude was the probable, and, as it were, motherly kindness of the Creator. Since then the feeling has spread, as we notice, very rapidly, till the very ideas that law is hard, that endurance in faith may be a virtue, that resignation is one of the highest graces, that elevation and not happiness may be the object of the grand plan, seem disappearing from men's minds. People seem positively to be affronted with the divine will because shipwrecks occur, to be ready to quarrel with nature because gas explodes in a mine, to doubt all supernatural energy because on the earthquake belt earthquakes kill innocent folk. It is not that they believe that all is love, but that all ought to be gentleness. There ought to be no violence, even in hurricanes, no bloodshed even when eagles are hungry,

no pain even when flame has struck on flesh. There should be no teaching of endurance, but only such a development of intelligence that there shall by-and-by be nothing whatever to be endured.

It is a very gelatinous creed, all that, and one for which we confess we have but scant respect. It is utterly inconsistent with the facts of the world, and with any conception any reflecting creature can form of Divine Providence. Suppose we adopt the physicist's theory, reject government by a sentient mind, and believe everything to be cause and effect, then the faith becomes positively ludicrous. Man has then to bear, without protection from anything but his own brain, which in the direction of foresight is nearly powerless, all that is and all that may be. If science is gospel, a heavy proportion of pain is as certain as a demonstration in Euclid. Granted so many millions of people, there will be so many burnt, so many drowned, so many induced to kill themselves with strychnine or corrosive sublimate, so many afflicted with tubercle of the spine; and the proportion may, under certain contingencies, be indefinitely increased, till everybody, for instance, may die in solitude and neglect of yellow fever. There is no earthly reason, under a *régime* of simple science, why a whole population should not go raving mad, why everybody should not have hypochondria, why all food alike should not be stricken, as was the potato, and all sentient beings die out from any one country. (There is grave reason to suspect that that very thing did occur to the whole people of Cambodia.) Surely, if the scientific hypothesis is true, the very first notion to be taught is the necessity of endurance, of cultivating that form of manliness which can submit to the inevitable without whining, and without wasting mental strength in impotent scratches at an incoming flood, sure, at least, of this thing, that man retains control over himself. The Stoics taught that ages since, and would have smiled in scorn at the weaklings who, without believing in Providence, yet maintained that the first duty of man after a shipwreck is to scold at all concerned, the tide included, as shrilly as he can. Why not accept the lot which must fall on somebody, and which had this time fallen to those for whom he cared? And if science is not God, if, as we believe, the world is regulated by a sentient mind with a purpose of its own to be fulfilled, then the value of endurance, whether in its masculine form of fortitude or its feminine

form of resignation, is even greater, for there is in repining, besides weakness, something of disloyalty and accusation of the king whose laws are so irresistible. Of the occasional hardness of those laws, there can be no doubt whatever. Not to mention the sentence of capital punishment under which we all live, there is the fact that all physical penalties—for example, the action of fire—fall upon good and bad alike; that intense suffering may be inherited, as in the liability to caries or leprosy; and that pain is often proportioned not to the capacity to bear it, but to the incapacity, the horse suffering tortures which the polypus escapes. And we may add, though the *Saturday Review* will be angry, this other fact,—that as far as man can ascertain, no care will entirely destroy his own liability to blunder, under circumstances where his blundering—as, for example, possibly in the structure of the "Captain"—will involve more misery than his guilt could do. In the face of such a *régime*, which no one doubts, it seems to us that to cultivate endurance, or if we must use theological phrases, the suppression of the will before a higher power, is most conducive to mental strength, and that to condemn such cultivation as "fatalism," as three of our contemporaries recently did, is to deprive man of a portion of his possible armor. "Fatalism," as we understand it, is neither endurance, nor resignation, nor submission, but acquiescence produced by a belief that a blind power—necessity—overrules both the will of the sentient mind and the usual relations of cause and effect, and involves ultimately the denial alike of science and theology, though, as usually held, *more* fatal to the former than the latter. The Turkish regiments which, surrounded by Greeks in an amphitheatre of hills, sat down and died patiently of starvation, gave an example of fatalism in an extreme and nearly perfect form. Almost every recorded martyrdom gives an example of submission or resignation. But the man who, believing a shipwreck unpreventable, or caused by the unexpected and undesigned consequences of human blundering, accepts the catastrophe without questioning the Providence which, and which alone, could have prevented it, shows the example of endurance; and that endurance, if only real, and not the result of callousness, is a true strengthener to the mind, which, from most of its speculations, gains so little strength.